

The Saturday Review



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[A Literary Supplement, devoted to new books, is issued with this number ; and another will appear next week.]

NOTES.

WE are glad to learn from this (Friday) morning's telegrams that Lord Salisbury has upheld perhaps the highest English tradition in the worthiest manner. The Turks proposed to occupy Thessaly until the Greek indemnity had been paid, and it seems that five out of the six federated Powers were content to grant this security to the victors. But Lord Salisbury, on behalf of England, objected to this occupation as inimical to the best interests of civilization, and carried his point. Whether he actually threatened, as some papers assert, to leave the Concert unless he had his way we are not concerned to inquire ; he, no doubt, applied in the most diplomatic and courteous manner the exact amount of pressure required. But he has won his point, it appears, and we cannot but congratulate him on his success. For even had he failed to carry the Concert with him, England would still have applauded him. It may be a consequence of her strength, but England is often made by her rulers to play bully in a disgraceful way ; it is when she stands as champion of the better weak that we love her best.

It seems probable now that our forecast of a week ago will turn out to be approximately correct. We held, as our readers may remember, that the Turks would get nothing but a rectified frontier line and an indemnity of some £5,000,000 sterling, and this, according to the Vienna Correspondent of the "Times," is about what the Porte may expect. True, the Sultan will haggle and haggle and waste time, but he is unlikely to get much better terms than those we have indicated. The worst of it is that in the meantime the crops in Thessaly will all be spoilt and the most fertile province of Greece be ruined for at least a year to come. Still it does not lie with the Greeks to complain of this delay on the part of the Sultan. It will be remembered that in '86 the Greeks teased Europe with threats and demands for six months, till in June Athens was blockaded, and those who would have troubled the peace were repressed. It may take the Powers a few months to bring the Sultan to reason, but the time and trouble will not have been ill spent if the Turk is thereby taught that the forces of civilization are strong enough to restrain even his victorious army.

The sensation of the week in the South African Committee was the apology tendered by Mr. Labouchere to

Dr. Harris and Mr. Beit. The member for Northampton had accused these gentlemen of using their foreknowledge of the Jameson plan to enrich themselves by selling a "bear" of "Chartered" and other South African stocks. The charge was on the face of it ridiculously improbable. Was it likely that Mr. Beit, the chief owner of mines on the Rand, would foment a revolt which he expected to fail? It is only fair to say that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit, Dr. Harris and Dr. Jameson and all the rest of them fully expected to win and to win easily. That is apparent from all their actions. The first arrangement was that Jameson should be on the border with 1,200 men ; but he whittled the number down to 700, and actually started with less than 500. That Dr. Harris expected the plan to succeed appears from his telegram to Jameson when the hitch occurred in Johannesburg on Christmas Day ; we allude to the "Don't move—awfully sorry" telegram that he sent from Cape Town. How Mr. Labouchere maintained his accusation in the face of all probability was to us the astonishing part of the business.

Nor do we wonder now that Dr. Harris is not satisfied with Mr. Labouchere's explained apology. Mr. Labouchere's informant, it appears, was a City gentleman, who said he could prove the charge and would prove it, until he was asked to prove it, when he drew in his horns and retired. The least Mr. Labouchere can do now is to publish his informant's name, and we sincerely hope that the Committee will call upon him to do this. The privilege of free speech in Parliament should not be abused to personal slander, and it is for the Committee of the House to say that in such a case an apology is not sufficient reparation. We need hardly point out to Mr. Labouchere that by withholding his informant's name he lays himself open to grave suspicion—as he himself puts it, "testimony that is not forthcoming is non-existent," and the same may be said of the informant.

The week's debate on the Workmen's Compensation Bill has shown the House of Commons in its best form. With the Irishmen out of the running, no obstruction, and party influences in abeyance, the House in Committee is an eminently businesslike assembly. In this particular case the members who took part in the debate were lawyers, big employers of labour and the representatives of the Trades-Unions, all of them, in fact, men with a keen interest in and a wide knowledge of the matters in dispute. Speeches have been short and to the point ; the interest has been maintained because no one knew what standpoint each successive speaker would adopt, and party speeches were conspicuous by

their absence. The general impression, in short, has been that from the business point of view it is the best debate the House of Commons has known for many years. In spite of all this industry, however, it is impossible for the Committee stage to be brought to a conclusion before the end of next week, so that the House will have to sit on Derby Day.

The most strenuous opposition to the Bill has come, oddly enough, from the representatives of both men and masters in the North of England mining districts. Mr. John Wilson, member for Mid-Durham, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Burt, though Labour members, have made a fierce attack upon it. The cotton-spinners of Lancashire, on the other hand, are mainly in favour of the Bill, and Mr. Whiteley, the member for Stockport and an influential Lancashire manufacturer, spoke strongly for it.

The reasons why the cotton-spinners accept the Bill and the miners oppose it are not far to seek. In the cotton trade insurance is very general; and employers will not be hurt by the Bill. The miners, on the contrary, and especially those of the North of England, have always been strong individualists, as their attitude towards the Miners' Eight Hours Bill shows, and they resent the interference of the State. As for the mine-owners, it is to be remembered, in their excuse, that whilst accidents in factories come singly and can easily be insured against, an explosion in a mine often means a large number of deaths and injuries against which it is impossible to insure, and the cost of compensation will fall on a few employers instead of being spread over the whole trade. The railway members do not seem to take much interest in the Bill. It may affect the shareholders; it does not affect the interests of the directors. Moreover, they feel themselves safe behind their own benefit societies. The Friendly Societies in general are looking anxiously on; but they have not yet quite made up their minds as to how the Bill affects them. There are many parts of the Bill which are still obscure and ought to be cleared up before the Committee stage comes to an end.

Mr. Chamberlain made one big mistake during the week. This is not surprising, for he has never been so clever in steering a Bill through the House as he is in most things. In 1880, for instance, he came utterly to grief over the Merchant Shipping Bill. On Monday last he told Mr. Seton Karr that the Government would accept the opinion of the House on his amendment respecting contributory negligence. But on Tuesday, after Sir Charles Dilke had spoken against and Mr. Cripps for the amendment, Mr. Chamberlain suddenly intervened and accepted it on behalf of the Government. The House was amazed at such bungling, and on Wednesday Mr. Chamberlain had to get up in his place and frankly confess that he had been too premature. The result was that a full three hours of the time of the House was wasted and the question had to be debated all over again. The incident had an amusing side, however, for it led the "Daily Chronicle" to make itself a laughing-stock by describing this piece of bungling in a headline as "Mr. Chamberlain's Clever Leadership." On the other hand, it is to be noted that the Colonial Secretary has ruled the roost somewhat less obviously this week than last, and both he and Mr. Balfour have treated Sir Matthew White Ridley more tenderly.

Mr. Arthur Balfour brought off a great coup on Friday night last by his unexpected announcement of Local Government for Ireland, together with a grant of three-quarters of a million a year by way of relief to local rates. This amount is, of course, only the equivalent of that justly due to Ireland in furtherance of the policy of the Agricultural Rates Bill of last Session; but by linking relief and County Boards together Mr. Balfour has managed for once to please all parties in Ireland. Whether the chorus of approval will last till next Session, when the scheme comes forward in the shape of an Irish Local Government Bill, is open to doubt; but for the moment there is absolutely not a

sign of dissent. County Cess and Poor Rates, both very heavy burdens in Ireland, will be relieved by one half at a stroke, and if, as the Nationalists declare, the new popular Boards are able to do their work more cheaply than the Grand Jurors and Poor Law Guardians, the relief will be still greater, for the Imperial contribution will be fixed and all economies will go to the direct credit of the ratepayers.

The landlords and the "Garrison" generally will no doubt be deprived of a good deal of their present power, but they are so pleased at the reduction of their burdens that they have forgotten to grumble. Every one admits that a large extension of popular government in Ireland was inevitable, sooner or later, and it is quite right to take advantage of the present unparalleled political calm to make the great experiment. The Catholic Hierarchy is now solid on the side of law and order and secret societies are being stamped out by the clergy with a heavy foot. Cardinal Logue, who is coming to the front in Irish ecclesiastical politics, quite eclipsing his voluble colleague, Archbishop Walsh, has got his Northern province into good order, and, except for a few spots in Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, the murder clubs are almost extinct. Some of the older Fenians have been trying to get up a centenary celebration of the rebellion of 1798; but it would almost seem as if 1898 were to be remarkable for a great Feast of Concord rather than for the revival of the memories of war and massacre.

We need hardly say that Mr. Balfour's statement was warmly received in all parts of the House. Conservatives and Liberals, Radicals and Irishmen of every shade of political opinion, united in praise of it. The speech itself was poorly delivered. Every now and then Mr. Balfour would stop hesitatingly—a most unusual thing for a speaker who is well known for his easy conversational fluency. The fact is that no statement so important as that of the First Lord of the Treasury on Friday week is ever made otherwise than haltingly. The whole time he was speaking he had to be careful not to exceed the exact words agreed upon between himself and his colleagues of the Cabinet, and this attempt at precise memory is sufficient to disturb the fluency of the most hardened orator.

Mr. Chaplin's London Water Consumers' Bill is a conspicuously feeble and halting affair, of which we fancy not much more will be heard this Session. Nobody seems to have wanted it, and nobody has taken any notice of it. A cheap and prompt remedy for the alleged grievances of water consumers would, no doubt, be useful; but fancy the feelings of a small householder in Lambeth on being told that if he is aggrieved he can appeal to the Railway Commission, probably the most dilatory, incompetent and expensive of all our semi-judicial bodies. The only argument that Mr. Chaplin advanced for this proposal was that the Railway Commission had almost nothing to do. The argument is on a level with that of the municipalizers on the London County Council who, when confronted with the costly failure of their Works Department, say that they must go on with it at any cost because they have sunk a quarter of a million in yard, plant and materials which would be rendered useless by a change of policy.

This Works Department scandal has now reached a crisis, and interesting developments are threatened. At first it was admitted, as we pointed out a couple of weeks ago, that £7,557 had been lost on last year's working up to September. Since then the Moderates have been able to extract returns of other finished works and of works still in progress. The former show a loss of £9,081, and the latter of £10,811, the total being £27,449. The Progressives, foreseeing the effect of these disgraceful figures on the ratepayers at the next election, are in consternation, and are somewhat incoherent in their arguments. Some blame the Architect, and some blame the Moderates, who, by exposing the manipulation of the books and thus procuring the dismissal of numerous officials, have disorganized the Department. No doubt there is something in this last point, but the fault for that must lie

with the Department and its officers, not with those who exposed the scandal.

Now that Turkey is renewing its youth, it would seem as if the Dual Monarchy was likely to take its place as the Sick Man of Europe. The Emperor-King is still able by the constant exercise of his personal authority to keep the hostile elements from open rupture, but every year the hatred between German, Tzech, Pole, Jew and Magyar seems to deepen and strengthen. For the first time Austria and Hungary have come to an absolute deadlock on the question of the "Ausgleich," or compromise regarding the financial relations of the two halves of the Monarchy. In Trans-Leithania the Magyars are strong enough to overbear the Germans, Slavs, Slovaks and Roumanians, but they are hated by these "subject races." In Cis-Leithania the war between Germans and Tzechs is a more equal one, and on Monday it culminated in a disgraceful scene of violence in the Austrian Parliament, where all business is at an end, and it is expected that a prorogation till autumn is the only means of avoiding a physical struggle. Meanwhile, Francis Joseph is not getting any younger, and as his nephews are neither feared nor respected the outlook for the succession is not bright.

After repeated adjournments, the Italian Chamber of Deputies on Saturday last gave the Marquis di Rudini the vote of confidence for which he had asked in connexion with the African policy of the Rudini Cabinet. The debate has in reality done little or nothing to further the solution of the practical problem which the Italian Government has to face, but in the general uncertainty it was apparently felt that no object was to be gained by provoking a Ministerial crisis. Having won a Parliamentary victory, the Marquis di Rudini has now the much more difficult task of carrying out the policy of compromise which he outlined to the Chamber. In his powerful indictment of the proposals of the present Government, Baron Sonnino, Signor Crispi's Minister of the Treasury, echoed the criticism put forward in these columns a week ago by declaring that to hand over the high plateau to native chiefs, as the Marquis di Rudini proposed, would be "to organize civil war and to invite raids." The next move of the Italian Government will now be awaited with considerable interest.

Meanwhile the curiously conflicting reports as to the mission of Mr. Rennell Rodd have apparently been set at rest by the telegram from the correspondent of the "Times" by way of Aden. Mr. Rodd's reception by Menelik is described as "most friendly and cordial," but no details are given as to the success or failure of the mission. For news of this kind we may have to wait for some time, but in the meantime any one who is interested in the present political and material condition of Abyssinia will find much interesting information in the instructive series of letters which the "Manchester Guardian" is publishing from its special correspondent, Mr. A. B. Wilde, who is now in England, after spending more than a year in Abyssinia, where he had frequent opportunities of conversing with Menelik and most of his principal chiefs.

The death of Lord Monk-Bretton this week will remind middle-aged politicians that there was once a Mr. Dodson who was one of those front-bench mysteries that from time to time puzzle the House of Commons. Nobody knew why Mr. Dodson was made a Cabinet Minister rather than any other of the two or three hundred unknown and undistinguished members of the party; but he was always as sure of a place in the Ministry as was Mr. Gladstone himself. He was no speaker, his bodily presence was almost as insignificant as that of Mr. Acland, and as he sat in a deprecatory attitude on the extreme end of the Treasury or Opposition Bench one was irresistibly led to think of the fly in amber. One of the reasons, we believe, was, that he used to talk theology to Mr. Gladstone, and as he always agreed implicitly with his great leader, the latter naturally came to have a high opinion of his judgment, and was much hurt when the Radicals put their foot down and declared that they could really not stand Mr. Dodson any longer. So he was quietly pushed into the

Upper House, where he at once disappeared and was heard of no more.

No doubt Lord Monk-Bretton fulfilled a useful function as a hewer of wood and drawer of water for Mr. Gladstone. There is a story about him that on one occasion, when a member of the Cabinet, he rose in his seat and made a speech in opposition to Mr. Gladstone. When he had finished, John Bright is said to have rebuked him with the contemptuous words, "Dodson, you were put into this Cabinet to support Mr. Gladstone, and you don't even do that." At the same time, Lord Monk-Bretton had abilities of a kind. If on the one hand he was dull and pigheaded to a degree, and not altogether above the suspicion of "jobbing" appointments; on the other, he was a good business man, and had some power of clear exposition, at any rate in his earlier days. He was one of the best Chairmen of Committees the House of Commons has known, and equally distinguished himself as a Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Surrey. As soon, however, as he ceased to be Chairman of Committees he was forgotten, if he was not already forgotten in 1880 when he was in the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board. For the rest, he "enjoyed" considerable unpopularity both in the House and the country, and through it he lost the Liberals many seats, when being re-elected to the House.

The Council of the Royal Society has performed its annual task and recommended fifteen candidates for election into the Society. This year there is nothing very surprising nor, it must be confessed, very striking in the omissions and inclusions. The name in the list which is best known is that of Sir W. Broadbent, and his election may be taken as a formal compliment to the medical profession; for, although Sir William is a successful and distinguished physician, we are not aware that he has made any contributions to scientific knowledge. Most of the other selected candidates are men who have assiduously devoted respectable talents to their branches of science and who have achieved the success which honest endeavour usually brings. Dr. J. S. Haldane, a brother of the well-known politician, and nephew of Professor Burdon-Sanderson, is the chief exception in a list of average competence, as he is a man of extreme distinction among the experts in physiology. His published work has dealt chiefly with respiration, and he has made some startling discoveries respecting the relation of carbonic acid to life. He is also a metaphysician, and he has bewildered many laboratory biologists by his support of vitalistic theories of life.

The central educational authorities of England proceeded with their gay task of making scientific and technical education in England a delusion. We attach full importance to the administration of culture to the masses of our population, but we protest against the delusion that such culture is a substitute for the expert technical training supported by the Continental Governments. The latest feat of the South Kensington authorities is to admit literary subjects and University extension lectures to a share in South Kensington grants and, presumably, to a share in the funds administered by the County Technical Committees under the direction of South Kensington regulations. There are two ways in which Continental authorities stimulate the progress of industries. Young people and workmen are actually taught the practice of their industries in State institutions. This method was deliberately excluded from the English Technical Instruction Act, partly on the suggestion of Trade-Union authorities that it would interfere with the apprentice system, and flood the market with cheap labour. The second source of aid is the support of technical laboratories, in which high-class teaching is combined with research into new methods and processes. This most efficient aid hardly exists in England. The South Kensington people and the Technical Boards fritter away their grants on vague popular teaching, of which University extension is the supreme instance.

The speech of the Prince of Wales at the opening of the new buildings at Guy's Hospital will relieve the

minds of many subscribers to the Jubilee Hospital Fund. Quite apart from the extremely difficult question as to the limits within which vivisection is permissible, if indeed it be permissible at all, the suggestion that money subscribed for the relief of human suffering might go to the support of laboratories where vivisection is practised came as an unpleasant shock. The suggestion has been put about broadcast by the Anti-Vivisection Society, and has been made more sinister by the publication of misleading statistics as to experiments performed without anæsthetics. The Prince has been at the trouble to inquire into the truth of these statements, and has made it plain that the experiments conducted without anæsthetics consist of nothing but inoculations, which are instantaneous and practically painless pin-pricks. He might have added that the medical schools are separate from the hospitals, and are under the control of different governing bodies, and, moreover, that the increasing specialism of modern times is separating laboratory teaching from work in the wards. At all the great London hospitals the teachers of physiology are specialists who have nothing to do with the treatment of patients.

The Treasury has certainly got the better of the postmen in the matter of the Tweedmouth Commission. That Commission reported in favour of making certain definite concessions, and these the Treasury pretended to accept. The arrangements that have been made turn out, however, to be in some respects an ingenious evasion of the recommendations of the Commission, and the postmen have not much to be thankful for. Only the Irish postmen get much real benefit. In England in some places the minimum wage has not been raised at all, and where it has been raised the increase has been ridiculously small. The position of the auxiliary postmen has been improved, but their case matters less, because they are a class which the Post Office is eliminating as far as possible from its service. The difficulty is that in many places there is only work for a man for two or three hours a day, and the auxiliary postman who does the work is supposed to have some other occupation. Of course in many cases he has not, and then it seems as if he got very little pay for work that is hard while it lasts no doubt, but which does not last long enough for him to earn a sufficient weekly wage.

The fact is not sufficiently appreciated that there is a sort of stilted and absurd language as characteristic of a class of English life as American and Colonial slang with its "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech" is characteristic of the whole race. Matthew Arnold with his gentle irony was wont to admire the advertisements of the professional auctioneer, but the professional has now been surpassed by an amateur. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has been selling his horses, and this is how he advertises them in the "Field" and elsewhere. "The God In The Car . . . a perfect Adonis in horseflesh, is the son of old Foston Fireway; as he stands he is a picture of clean cut quality and shapes in a satin coat of the blackest brown; he is an electric mover and has great pace; it is fortunate, therefore, that his manners are faultless in all traffic and he is quite a delightful drive for man or lady; as a single horse of the size—and he wears himself to 15'2"—he is the pick of the sale." The snobbishness of thus distorting words from their true meaning and giving them a signification understood only by a class is exactly equivalent to an absurd fashion in collars, or the foolish habit of turning up the trousers on a sunny day. We owe Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett much amusement, but if his brother perseveres he may become as singular an auctioneer as Sir Ellis is a politician.

On Monday next will be sold at Tattersall's two studs of horses, which, though not so richly advertised as the Brookfield, are, we believe, better worth seeing. Sir Walter Gilbey is sending up twenty young horses, all of well-known hackney blood, and Mr. J. B. Joel about a dozen that are hard to beat for pace, action and looks. Mr. Joel's Lady Edith is, we think, about the best buggy-horse it has been our good fortune to see; but Mr. Joel and Sir Walter Gilbey do not talk about "electric movers . . . wearing themselves to 15'2."

THE FUTURE OF NIGERIA.

THE question which Lord Stanmore addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the House of Lords last Monday drew from Lord Salisbury the assurance that the future government of the territories included within the administrative control of the Royal Niger Company was engaging the anxious attention of the Government, and the incidental admission that the Government had not yet made up its mind what course it should adopt. Lord Stanmore was apparently mainly concerned with what may be termed the international aspect of the problem, but the question of the future government of that vast area of the African continent which, for want of a better name, we must be content to call Nigeria, cannot be settled by reference to any one set of circumstances, however important they may be in themselves. The fact is that for some time past the problem of the Niger has been ripening for a solution, and it may well be that the brilliant little campaign—admirably planned and admirably executed, as each noble lord who took part in the discussion was careful to insist—by which, early in the present year, Sir George Goldie brought the territories of Nupé and Ilorin within the more direct administrative control of the Company, will materially hasten the solution of that problem. The anomalies of the present system are sufficiently striking. On the West Coast, in the neighbourhood of the Niger Delta, there are no less than three separate and independent systems of administration within the British sphere. The Crown Colony of Lagos, the Niger Coast Protectorate and the Royal Niger Company each exercises jurisdiction over a separate stretch of coast, with at certain points very ill-defined limits towards the interior. On the face of it such a trebling of administration is illogical and absurd. This in itself would not be enough to condemn the system; but there are practical inconveniences attending the triple administration which cannot be ignored. The different fiscal systems are a direct encouragement to smuggling, and the disputes as to jurisdiction between the rival administrations, which have from time to time arisen, do little credit to our reputation as Colonial administrators. Lord Salisbury's reference to the complaints put forward by the Brass men is a welcome indication that this aspect of the question is not escaping the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers.

But these, after all, are matters affecting the internal administration of British territory, and if they stood alone no great anxiety need be felt as to the ultimate issue. The real difficulty lies not in the internal but in the external questions affecting British Nigeria, and it is the Royal Niger Company which is mainly, if not indeed wholly, concerned in these international problems. In some respects the Royal Niger Company occupies a unique position among the associations of private individuals to whom the Crown has granted a Charter of incorporation. It has attracted less public attention than either of its great sister Companies—the Imperial British East Africa Company, which failed, and the Chartered Company of South Africa, which is still in its hot youth. But it has the solid satisfaction of having for several years paid substantial dividends to its shareholders. Nor have these dividends been earned by a too sordid and exclusive attention to the commercial side of its activity. Jealous rivals, both on the Continent and in this country, have complained that it has made use of its administrative machinery to crush competition and to foster its own commercial operations. How far these accusations are well founded we need not now stop to inquire, but no one has ever accused Sir George Goldie and his colleagues of having neglected Imperial interests from motives either of economy or of profit. The whole history of the Royal Niger Company from its inception as the National African Company to the present day negatives such an accusation. Lord Stanmore, indeed, expressed the fear that the Directors might not consider questions adequately from an Imperial point of view; but this was obviously intended to imply that, in their zeal for extending the British sphere of influence, they might be inclined to overlook the possibility of unduly exciting the susceptibilities of other nations "not less susceptible than ourselves." It

is here no doubt that the pinch is felt in Downing Street. The Niger Company has concluded treaties, numbering several hundreds, with native chiefs and princes on the Lower and Middle Niger and its great tributary the Benué. These treaties have been recognized and adopted by the British Foreign Office, but until the districts they affect have been either effectively occupied, or recognized as within the British sphere of influence by international agreement with other European Powers, who are our neighbours in this part of Africa, they are always liable to become a bone of contention between rival explorers and treaty makers, openly or secretly supported by the Governments they represent. To the east of its immense sphere of influence the Royal Niger Company has definitely settled its boundary with the German colony of the Cameroons; to the north the Say-Barrua line fixed by the Franco-British agreement of August 1890 roughly marks the limits of the French and British spheres east of the Niger, though some vague French claims over Muri and Yola are still kept alive, as factors in the game of give-and-take which must some day be played out in West Africa. But to the West of the main Niger stream all is a welter of conflicting claims, in which France, Germany and the Royal Niger Company (representing Great Britain) are the parties to a triangular duel. We need not stay to examine the details of the claims advanced by the various parties to the dispute, or the evidence they are able to adduce in support of their pretensions. The outstanding fact which has attracted Lord Stanmore's attention is that these conflicting claims do exist, and that the Imperial Government finds itself involved in them without any direct intervention on its part.

From these premisses Lord Stanmore has convinced himself that some modification of the mode of government in the Niger Company's territory is desirable. It is by no means clear that the inference is correct. But even if we assume that the present system, by which the administration of the greater part of British Nigeria and its commercial development are concentrated in the same hands, cannot much longer continue, what is the remedy? Neither Lord Salisbury nor Lord Kimberley was in the least inclined to consider the suggestion of adding one or more directors to the Board to represent Imperial interests. It is indeed obvious that such a procedure would neither make matters better nor worse. Fortunately the Government is not without some more instructed guidance than that offered by Lord Stanmore. Rather less than two years ago Sir John Kirk went out to the Niger on a special mission, and on his return he submitted a report on the administration of the different British possessions on the Niger, and made certain recommendations. That report was treated as confidential and has never been published; but we have reason to believe that it contained the outline of a scheme for the separation of the administrative functions of the Niger Company from its commercial operations. In some such scheme as this the true solution of the problem of the future government of Nigeria would appear to lie; but it is to be hoped that when the details of such an arrangement come to be worked out, care will be taken to preserve as nearly intact as possible the administrative machinery devised by Sir George Goldie, as the result of years of unwearied study of local conditions.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ISLAND.

THERE has always been a minority of serious-minded politicians—of whom the late Lord Derby was supposed to be the type and exemplar—ready to maintain, despite the sneers of an incredulous world, that blue-books are the most interesting form of reading, however scant their claim to be regarded as literature may be. If every blue-book were as interesting as that officially headed "Straits Settlements," and described as "Papers relating to the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas Islands" (to be purchased from Her Majesty's Printers for the modest sum of one shilling), it may safely be prophesied that the blue-book would run the novel hard in the race for the Circulating Library Stakes. The story of the colonization of the Cocos-Keeling Island, or group of coral islands, in the Indian Ocean is not, of course, entirely new to students of the literature of

travel in Eastern seas; but never before have we had such a graphic picture of one of the most fascinating of island communities as is contained in the series of reports which the Colonial Office has now presented to Parliament. The Cocos were first attached to the Straits Settlements Administration by Letters Patent granted to the Governor in 1886, and each year since that date—with a single exception—an official visit of inspection has been paid to the islands from Singapore. It is the reports of these visits, and one by Mr. E. W. Birch on a visit to the islands in 1885, which make up the bulk of these papers; and as the duty of inspecting the islands was never twice entrusted to the same officer, we have, as it were, in the different reports a small gallery of impressionist pictures by various hands of the most remote of British possessions.

The history of the Cocos group goes back to the early days of the present century when a couple of adventurers, Hare and Ross by name, almost simultaneously effected a settlement on the hitherto uninhabited islands. It turned out that it was Hare who had to go to the wall, and since 1827, when the original Ross first settled on the group, a Ross has ruled the Cocos. The first two Rosses, the grandfather and father of the present proprietor, ruled the islands, as their Highland ancestors had held their lands, by no "sheepskin title," and it was not until 1886 that the British Government, having formally annexed the group, made a grant to Mr. George Clunies Ross of that which was already his own. There had been a formal annexation of the group in 1857, by a British man-of-war; but until eleven years ago the Ross dynasty was practically unfettered by any outside interference, and it is to the credit of the Colonial Office and British common sense that even now the Ross family is left practically with a free hand to govern the islands by the traditional methods sanctioned by past experience. The Cocos Islands, some twenty in number, are situated in the Indian Ocean, to the south-west of the Dutch island of Java, far removed from the ordinary trade routes. They form a roughly broken circle, with a shallow lagoon in the centre, protected by an outer barrier of reefs. The population at the present time numbers about six hundred, of whom the greater proportion are native-born Cocos people, and the minority Malays from Batavia. The Ross family are the only Europeans inhabiting the group, and though all the male members of the third generation were educated in Scotland and are described as well educated, quick and intelligent, they have almost all contracted native marriages and thrown in their lot with the people among whom they live. Their sons and daughters, with few exceptions, neither speak nor understand English, and Mr. George Clunies Ross, the head of the family, and a man of remarkable force of character, was at one time eighteen years without hearing English spoken, and confesses to being a little rusty in its use. The system of government is sufficiently remarkable. There are no written laws, and Mr. Ross has successfully resisted the suggestion that the penal code of the Straits Settlements should be introduced into the islands. There is no police force and no crime. Mr. Ross owns the whole of the land and is the sole employer of labour. The currency is a parchment currency, convertible at a fixed ratio into rupees or dollars when an islander makes a rare visit to Batavia or Singapore, or when a Bantamese coolie leaves the island to return home. The natives, who are Malays by race, profess Mohammedanism, but there is the utmost freedom in religious matters, and the influence of the Ross family, exercised through three-quarters of a century free from disturbing elements, has effected many striking changes in the habits and customs of the people. One after another the officials from the mainland confess that they find it difficult to institute a comparison between the Cocos-born Malays and the Malays with whom they have previously been brought into contact. The Cocos islanders live in neat houses comfortably furnished on the European model, and kept scrupulously clean. They have adopted the institution of a weekly washing day, and sit at table to eat their food with the aid of knives and forks. But it is not only in externals that European influence is clearly discernible. "The marriage laws," Mr. Hugh Clifford states in the 1894 Report, "which to most Malays represent the Alpha and Omega of Mohammedan

law, have been entirely superseded by the English marriage customs. Polygamy is unknown on the island, at any rate among the Cocos-born Malays, and public opinion on the subject is sufficiently strong to induce any Bantamese who has more than one wife to dispense with this superfluity." The sole export of the island is copra, which is sent once a year in a vessel chartered for the purpose by Mr. Ross to England for sale. From England, too, supplies for the islands are obtained, although formerly everything was bought in Batavia, with which port communication is kept up by a small schooner belonging to Mr. Ross. Of the people subjected to this paternal and benevolent despotism, and cut off from all contact with the outer world, the universal testimony of the reports is that they are contented and happy. They make no complaints, and look upon Mr. Ross as their benefactor and friend. It is surely a curious fate that has brought this sturdy and capable Scottish family into a remote corner of the Indian Ocean, and has enabled three generations of Europeans to influence and mould the character and habits of an alien and inferior race, free from the intrusion of conflicting forces.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC TRACTION.

AS time goes on it becomes more and more clear that electricity is destined to make its way as a propelling power in many directions. Each year sees new projects carried to a successful issue. Emboldened by success in smaller projects the electrical engineer goes on to larger ones. Schemes which only ten years ago would have been rejected as visionary become sober every-day facts; and the impossible of yesterday is the practicable of to-morrow.

In the ten years that have passed electricity has wrought an extraordinary revolution in the United States in the mode of locomotion used by the people at large in the great cities. The populace of an American city travels to and fro on its daily business, as must that of every English city, but with a difference. The American citizen, probably as a result of climatic differences, walks less and rides more. But if he rides more he makes less use of the closed carriage or of the cab. That unique vehicle, the "buggy," is in evidence to be sure, for the private owner; but the hansom is practically unknown. It is the tramcar that provides for his needs. A far larger proportion of the population rides in the public cars than is the case in an English city.

It is in the application of electricity to the driving of tramcars that the change has taken place, accompanied by an enormous development of urban and suburban traffic. Four years ago, when the writer was revisiting the States, this revolution was in full swing. Experience during the two or three preceding years had taught the tramway managers how much more certain, expeditious, and economical was the traction of cars by electricity than the traction by horses. At that time the network of tram-lines in and round Boston amounted to some 150 miles in total length, and of this more than half had been reconstructed on the electric plan. Within a few months electrically driven cars had been substituted too, and the horse—so far as tramway driving was concerned—had disappeared. It was even then possible to drive thirty miles on a continuous line of electric roads.

The car is propelled by a pair of electric motors fixed under the body of the vehicle. It receives its current from an overhead line suspended from poles by projecting arms and stays and guys, which in those pioneer days were hideous in the extreme. Above the top of the car projects a pole with a trolley-wheel at its end to run against the under side of the suspended wire in order to receive the currents. The wire itself receives its current from a generating station or power-house at some distance, whence the current flows at a fairly high pressure to the points where the cars are to be supplied. In the power-house one finds an array of boilers, steam-engines and dynamos, just as in an electric lighting station, but modified to suit the needs of an electric power-supply. With ample boiler power in reserve, and powerful machinery, the electric car can be worked far more effectively than

the horse-car. It can be started and stopped more rapidly, and therefore make better time, while avoiding accidents that might overtake the horse-driven car. With the reserve of power behind it, it mounts a steep gradient in a style impossible to the horse-car, even if it had four horses instead of two. To start or stop while half way up a steep incline were cruelty to the horses: to the electric motor it is the most ordinary event. With material advantages like these it is little wonder that—unfettered by the Board of Trade regulations—the electric cars increased apace in the States. Most potent of all was the economic fact that the cost, per car-mile, for electric power was less than the cost when horse-power was used. If to propel a car a mile cost, in horse-traction, say $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ on the average, and if by electric traction that cost was reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, there was an obvious incentive to make the change, even though these costs do not include the standing charges common to both systems of locomotion. Is it to be wondered at, then, if to-day there are in the United States at least 15,000 miles of electric tram-lines, or that electric traction should have begun to show a distinct social effect on the urban and suburban populations? Pittsburg, as I remember it in 1884, was a dismal smoky place, with its large population of artisans crowded into dirty streets about the centre of the town. But electric roads and the utilization of natural gas brought about a wondrous change. When I saw it in 1893 I found miles of electric road running out into new suburbs. A quick ride in any direction, at the uniform tariff of five cents, took one out into the fresh air of the hilly lands around the older town. In several directions one found rows of neat workmen's villas, each with its plot of garden beside it. The social influences of the cheap and rapid transit thus afforded to the inhabitants of a city do not end here. The rateable value of outlying properties is greatly increased: they are, as it were, brought nearer to the centre. Experience shows that nothing is so certain to increase the value of suburban property as the construction of electric roads bringing it into communication with the centres of commerce.

In England we have as yet but begun to feel the fringe of this influence. The pioneer electric lines in Leeds and South Staffordshire, though they were under the disadvantage of starting with rather crude machinery, have made it clear that similar results will follow. The much more perfectly equipped lines in Bristol and Dublin have already, though their existence has been so brief, demonstrated a similar effect. At the opening of the Bristol line, only twenty months ago, I ventured to predict an increase in the value of surrounding property. In the parish of St. George's, through which the Bristol and Kingswood electric road runs, the value of rateable property has already increased 25 per cent.; and a further increase of equal value is certain within two years' time. The moral of this must make itself felt even with the most backward of local authorities. But if England is somewhat belated in its adoption of electricity as a motive power for tramways, no such reflection can be made respecting the application of electric-power to heavier traction. The City and South London Railway and the Liverpool Overhead Railway are both striking examples of heavier electric lines. Nowadays the public hears nothing of these undertakings: no paragraphs appear concerning them in the press. This is the truest sign of their permanent success. No writer outside the technical journals thinks of discussing the running of their electric locomotives any more than of arguing as to the efficiency of a Midland steam locomotive. The thing exists, and satisfies the public. Very soon London will be permeated with deep-level electric lines, affording rapid transit under its congested streets. Nor does the matter end here or with England. Wherever a line with difficult gradients is to be constructed, it is from the first designed as an electric road. The mountain railways of Switzerland—however deplorable from the æsthetic point of view—are affording a proof direct. The new lines up the Gorner Grat and to the shoulder of the Jungfrau are alike designed to be worked by electric power.

For our densely built cities the problem is not so easy to solve. Overhead wires to supply the electric current

are all very well in open country or in broad avenues of suburban districts. Yet, although much has been done to remove the unsightliness of the earlier constructions, it is quite certain that in the heart of a great city the use of overhead trolley lines is inadmissible. London will never consent to the embarrassment of its streets with the necessary gear. Fancy a double row of trolley poles down Regent Street or along the Strand! The Corporations of Glasgow and of Birmingham, though determined to give their respective cities the boon of electric traction, hold their hands pending some other solution of the project of supplying current to the moving cars. Meantime the inventor is busily at work. At Buda-Pesth the cars are fed with electric current by an underground conduit to which the moving car gets access through a slot, three-quarters of an inch wide, in the roadway beneath. This, too, is inadmissible in England, and very expensive. In Paris a line is equipped on the Vuilleumier system, in which the cars pick up their current from a series of contacts placed in the surface of the road. This, also, is not altogether satisfactory. Only a fortnight ago a pair of horses were killed on this line by treading upon one of the contacts, which, by a mishap in the machinery, had been left electrically "alive" after the car had passed on. This mode of operation by surface contacts, however, appears to offer the best solution of the problem of applying electric traction to our congested City streets. One thing is certain. No system will be permanently adopted or allowed that does not provide absolute security to man and beast. From the moment that this end shall have been attained the future of rapid transit by electricity in our streets will be assured.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

OUR NEGLECT OF EDIBLE FISH.

FEW of the intelligent Colonials, Americans, or foreigners whose lot it will be to visit London in this the year of her jubilee would believe that one person in every two hundred and fifty of the population of these islands spends his lifetime in the capture of over fifty kinds of edible sea-fish, not to mention a number of crustaceans and molluscs, otherwise "shell-fish," for the London market and elsewhere. Nor would they in any way be helped to such a belief by the study of the *menu* of our eating-houses. For it pleases the caterers of those establishments, for some reason or reasons best known to themselves, to ring the changes day after day, week after week, year after year, on rather over half a dozen kinds of sea-fish and the freshwater eel; moreover, besides excluding most of our best fish, they have, as if of set purpose, chosen some of the worst.

The fish elect, whose names greet the eye daily and in varying order in the windows of both English and Italian eating-houses, are salmon, sole, turbot, brill, whiting, mackerel, whitebait and eel. Of these the mackerel and whiting are of all our sea-fish almost the quickest to decompose, and are therefore, the mackerel more particularly, peculiarly unfitted for consumption in inland centres. Whitebait is a vague quantity, a *fritto misto*, consisting in summer mostly of young herrings, in winter mostly of young sprats, with (at all seasons) a sprinkling of the fry of sand-eels, flat-fish and gurnard. The best of our restaurant fish are unquestionably the flat fish, the turbot, brill and sole, which are so organized as to bear removal from the water and to retain their freshness for long journeys. The drawback in the case of the turbot and inferior brill is that either fish is too big in its integrity for any but large parties—in consequence of which the iniquitous but necessary "portion" has come into vogue, the fish being cut in slices and boiled piecemeal, all the gelatinous juices, so important a factor in its nutritious value, remaining in the fish-kettle. To complete the mischief, it is customary to deposit in the dish a woolly potato, which, itself uneatable, greedily absorbs the little juice still available.

There are, however, other flat fish besides the costly sole and turbot, the former of which is, like the whiting, at once the most delicate and the most difficult to keep fresh of its kind. There is, for example, the dab—not

that saffron-flavoured insult known as a "lemon-sole," but the true sand-dab—which is first-rate eating, cheap and portable. The flounder, too, which is three parts a freshwater fish, makes, when taken above the tide-way, an admirable dish. Yet how often do either of these figure on the dinner-table, public or private? From the flounder to the *bona-fide* pond fish is but a step, and the latter are, without exception, woefully neglected in this country. Three of them at least—the pike, carp and tench—are, if removed from their muddy home and exposed to the refining influence of clear, running water for eight and forty hours, excellent table-fish, as those well know who have eaten of them in Germany. The majority of our river-fish, it is true, the barbel, roach and bream among them, have a muddy flavour strong enough to defy correction.

Far more surprising, however, than the wholesale neglect of freshwater fish, the supply of which, taken as they are for sport rather than the market, is necessarily irregular, is our persistent disregard of over four-fifths of the regular harvest of trawl, trammel and line. In the garfish, dory and red mullet, for instance—the first two of which are cousins once removed of the mackerel, yet most of their fishing is done by Italians and Chinamen. Our Channel holds as good garfish and black bream as ever came out of Sydney Harbour or Port Philip, and we have other kinds to take the place of schnapper and flathead; but we shall give our Colonial brethren only salmon and sole and turbot, the flavour of the first being drowned in cucumber or mayonnaise, the others soured in some *sauce piquante* that they never ought to need. But the green-boned garfish with the eel-like body and the woodcock bill they will see only in shops. The John Dory, too, he with the stringy back fin, the hideous profile and the black spots on the sides—thumbmarks, they tell us, of St. Peter—may be seen throughout the summer in Bond Street shops, but never by any chance does he find his way into the bill of fare of the eating-house. Words fail me in praising the red mullet, woodcock of the sea, foulest feeding and sweetest tasting fish to be found on our coast. Cooked "with the trail" in buttered paper, this brilliant-scaled fish is worth its weight in silver—a price easily maintained, since it is taken mostly in the set trammel and rarely in quantities. Yet, price apart, one is never even allowed the choice of it. The smelt—not the pettifogging atherine, but the true "sparling" of the North country, whose adipose fin proclaims him own cousin of the salmon—is another desirable little fish; but it should be eaten fresher than is usual in the metropolis.

The actual question of the hygiene of fish-food as a whole lies almost without the limited scope of these few remarks. Fish as an article of diet has many assailants, their chief objections being directed against the catholic feeding of fishes and the many parasites with which they are infested. With regard to the first point, it is very doubtful whether fish as a class are fouler feeders than several of our favourite table-birds, and still more doubtful whether the food they eat makes much difference in their use as food. As for their parasites, it may be remembered that it is only necessary to raise the temperature of the fish-kettle to 130 degrees in order to kill all the internal parasites that have hitherto been recognised in fish; while the external parasites found on soles, as *Argulus* is found on trout and pike, *Caligus* on the brill, or *Lernæonema* on the herring, vanish at a still lower temperature. The indictment of those responsible for the monotony of the fish course in London restaurants—a state of affairs not to be found in any other capital east or west—is a hopeless undertaking, so long-suffering is the British public. But where it is a direct question of health something might surely be done, were it only in the substitution of the oily and harmless herring for the oily and dangerous mackerel, or of the stable whiting-pout for the equally bony but unstable whiting. In the cooking, too, a leaf might well be taken from the books of Continental nations, and perhaps there may even dawn a millennium wherein we shall know beforehand what we are asked to eat,

the menu being set forth in wholesome vernacular, instead of in garbled foreign idiom that can only be understood after long familiarity and continual disappointment.

F. G. AFLALO.

"LOHENGRIN."

"LOHENGRIN" has been sung scores of times at Covent Garden in one fashion or another; but I declare that we heard something resembling the real "Lohengrin" for the first time on Saturday evening last. We had come to regard it as a pretty opera, an opera full of an individual, strange, indefinable sweetness; but Mr. Anton Seidl came all the way from New York city to show us how out of sweetness can come forth strength. Mr. Mancinelli has his good points; but his style is essentially an Italian one. For many years he has been chiefly occupied in playing lightly, in touch-and-go fashion, music that will not bear playing in any other fashion; and he has fallen into the habit of playing in this fashion music which demands a directly opposite kind of treatment. To play Verdi with the thoroughness and solidity that you must play Beethoven or Wagner is the surest way of proving how far Verdi stands from Beethoven and Wagner; but to play Wagner as you must play Verdi, if Verdi is to make any effect at all, is a very sure way of misleading people into thinking there is nearly as much in Verdi as in Wagner, or rather, little more in Wagner than in Verdi. This is what Mr. Mancinelli is too, too inclined to do. Mr. Seidl is a Wagner conductor of the older type and with some of the faults of that type; he knows little or nothing of the improvements in the manner of interpreting Wagner's music effected by Mottl, Levi and that stupendous creature Siegfried Wagner; he is a survival of the first enthusiastic reaction against Italian ways of misdoing things; and he is, if anything, a little too strongly inclined to go a little too far in the opposite direction to Mr. Mancinelli. But there is so much of sweetness and delicacy in "Lohengrin" that the whole opera, including the sweet and delicate portions, actually gains from a forceful and manly handling—gains so immensely that, as already said, those of us who heard it last Saturday must surely all have felt that here, at last, was the true "Lohengrin," the "Lohengrin" of Wagner's imagination. It was a pleasure merely to hear the band singing out boldly, getting the last fraction of rich tone out of each note, in the first act; to hear the string passages valiantly attacked and the melodies treated with breadth, and the trumpets and trombones playing out with all their force when need was, holding the sounds to the end instead of letting them slink away ashamed in the accepted Italian style. And not only were these things in themselves delightful—they also served to make the drama doubly powerful and the tender parts of the music doubly tender; to show how splendid in many respects was Wagner's art in the "Lohengrin" days; and to prove that Maurel's way of doing the part of Telramund some years ago was, as Maurel's ways of doing things generally are, perfectly right. Maurel, it will be remembered, stuck a red feather in his cap; and the eternally wise critics agreed in thinking this absolutely wrong. They told him the feather was out of place: it made him appear ridiculous and so on. Maurel retorted that he was playing the part of a fierce barbarian chief who would not look, he thought, like a gilded butterfly, and that his notion was to look as ferocious as he could. Now the odd thing is that though Maurel was right, we critics were in a sense right also. As the music used to be played a Telramund one degree nearer to a man than the average Italian baritone seemed ludicrously out of place; and when, in addition, the Lohengrin was a would-be lady-killer without an inch of fight in him, Henry the Fowler a pathetic heavy father and Elsa a sentimental milliner, there was something farcical about Maurel's red feather and generally militant aspect. What we critics had not the brains to see was that the playing of the music was wrong, and that Maurel was only wrong in trying to play his part in the right manner when Lohengrin, Elsa, King and conductor were all against him in their determination to do their

parts wrong. Mr. Bispham followed in Maurel's footsteps, as he frequently does, in a modified costume, but on Saturday when for the first time the orchestra played right he would not have seemed ridiculous had he stuck Maurel's red feather into his helmet. The whole scene became a different thing: we were thrown at once into the atmosphere of an armed camp full of turbulent thieves and bandits itching for fighting and wildly excited with rumours of conflicts near at hand. Amidst all this excitement and amidst all the unruly fighters, Telramund, strongest, fiercest, most unruly of them all, has to open the drama; and to command our respect, to make us feel that it is he who is making the drama move, that it is because all the barbarians are afraid of him that the drama begins to move at all, he cannot possibly look too ferocious and hot-blooded, too strong of limb and tempestuous of temper. The proof that this, Seidl's, reading of the opera is the right one, is that in the first place the drama immediately interests you instead of keeping you waiting for the entry of Elsa, and in the second place that the noisy, energetic playing of the opening scene throws the music of Elsa and Lohengrin into wonderfully beautiful relief, a relief which in the old way of doing the opera was very much wanting. To play "Lohengrin" in the old way is to deny Wagner the astonishing power of dramatic effect he had from the beginning; to play it as Seidl plays it is to prove that the conductor appreciates the perfection of artistic sense that led, compelled, Wagner to set the miraculous vision of Lohengrin against a background made up of such stormy scenes. Had Seidl kept his vigour for the stormy scenes and given us a finer tenderness in the prelude, the love-music and Lohengrin's account of himself, his rendering would have been a flawless one.

And even as Seidl interpreted it, the supreme beauty of the music, the sweetness of it as well as its strength, were manifest as they have never been manifest before. "Lohengrin" is surely the most beautiful, the fullest of sheer beauty, of all Wagner's operas. Some thirty or forty years hence those of us who are lucky enough still to live in the sweet sunlight will begin to feel that at last it is becoming feasible to take a fair and reasonable view of Wagner's creative work; and we shall probably differ about verdicts which the whole musical world of to-day would agree only in rejecting. Old-school Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites will have gone off together into the night; and the echo of the noise of all their feuds will have died away. No one will venture to talk of the "teaching" of "Parsifal" or any other of Wagner's works; the legends from which he constructed his works will have lost their pleasing novelty. The music-drama itself will be regarded by the Academics (if there are any left) with all the reverence due to the established fact; and possibly it may be suffering the fierce assault of the exponents of a newer and nobler form. Then the younger critics will arise and take one after another of the music-dramas and ask, What measure of beauty is there, and what dramatic strength, what originality of emotion? and in a few minutes they will scatter hundreds of harmless and long-cherished illusions that went to make life beautiful. In that day of wrath and tribulation may I be on the right side and have energy to go forward, giving up the pretence of liking what I can no longer like, and boldly saying that I like what I like, even should it happen to be unpopular! May I never fall so low as to be talked of as a guardian of the accepted forms and laws! But even if it should prove unavoidable to relinquish faith in Bach, in Beethoven, in Wagner, yet it is devoutly to be hoped that it will never be necessary to give up a belief in "Lohengrin"; for in that case my fate is fixed—I shall be among the reactionaries, the admirers of the thing that cannot be admired, the lovers of the unlovable. But indeed it is incredible that "Lohengrin" should ever cease to seem lovely—lovely in idea and in the expression of the idea. The story is the finest, and with the exception of "Parsifal" the most lucid, Wagner ever set; it remains fresh, though it had been told a hundred times before. The maiden in distress—we know her perfectly well; the wicked sorceress who has got her into distress—we know her quite as well; the celestial

knight who rescues her—we know him nearly as well. But the details in which "Lohengrin" differs from all other tales of the same order are precisely those that make it the most enchanting tale of them all. Lohengrin, knight of the Grail, redeemer, yet with a touch of tragedy in his fate, drawn down the river in his magic boat by the Swan from a far mysterious land, a land of perpetual freshness and beauty, is an infinitely more poetic notion than the commonplace angel flapping clumsily down from above; and even if we feel it to be absurd that he should have to beg his wife to take him on trust, after all he has taken his wife on trust, and he tells her at the outset that he cannot reveal the truth about himself. Elsa is vastly preferable to the ordinary distressed mediæval maiden, if only because a woman who is too weak to be worth a snap of the fingers does move us to pity, whereas the ordinary mediæval is cut out of pasteboard and does not affect us at all. The King is perhaps merely a stage figure, though we learnt the other night how powerful and kingly he might be made; Ortrud is just one degree better than the average witch of a fairy story; but Frederic, savage and powerful, but so superstitious that he is at the mercy of his wife, is human enough to interest us. And Wagner has managed his story perfectly throughout, excepting at the end of the second act, where that dreary business of Ortrud and Frederic stopping the bridal procession is a mere reminiscence of the wretched stagecraft of Scribe, and quite superfluous. But if there is a flaw in the drama, there cannot be said to be one in the music. The mere fact that, save two numbers, it is all written in common time counts for absolutely nothing against its endless variety. Wagner never again hit upon quite so divine and pure a theme as that of the Grail, from which the prelude is evolved; the Swan theme at once carries one in imagination up the ever-rippling river to that wonderful land of everlasting dawn and sacred early morning stillness; and nothing could be more effective, as background and relief to these, than the warlike music of the first act, and the ghastly opening of the second act, so suggestive of horrors and the spells of Ortrud winding round Frederic's soul. Then again there is Elsa's dream, the magical music of Lohengrin's tale, the music of the Bridal procession in the second act, the great and tender melody first sung by Elsa and Ortrud and then repeated by the orchestra as Ortrud allows Elsa to lead her into the house, the whole of the bridal chamber duet, and perhaps above all Lohengrin's farewell—really of course the conclusion of his tale. To whatever page of the score you turn there is perfect beauty—not a great deal after the first act that is powerful or meant to be powerful, but melody after melody that would entrance you merely as absolute music without poetic significance, and that seems doubly entrancing by reason of the strange, remote feeling with which it is charged, and its perpetual suggestion of the broad stream flowing ceaselessly from faraway Montsalvat to the sea. "Lohengrin" is a fairy-story imbued with seriousness and tender human emotion; and the music is exactly adapted to it.

We listened to it last Saturday as though it was a new work; and this I have already insisted was owing to Mr. Seidl for the first time making his band play the music in the proper way. But it would be postposterous to forget that Mr. Seidl had at his disposal a set of singers rarely got together on one night—Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Brema, Eames, Pringle and Bispham. Jean was inevitably the hero of the evening, and he deserved a thousand times the applause given him by one of the most enthusiastic audiences I remember. That he moved about the stage with a chivalrous grace seems to me a small matter—Wagner, himself quite unchivalrous in the customary romantic sense in his conduct towards women, never tried to create chivalrous heroes; and if he had tried, Lohengrin could scarcely be reckoned amongst his successes. A chivalrous Lohengrin with the speech and manners of Pall Mall is the last thing in the world we want: what is wanted is a Lohengrin who can give one a notion of a hero newly come from an entirely different atmosphere and surroundings to pursue, anxious to save and brave enough to do it, and

able, moreover, to make us feel that his lot is a tragic one too—that he is, when all is said, only the Flying Dutchman in a new guise. It was because Jean de Reszke did this that he was great in the part; and also because he sang the music with a pathos and perfection of style and tone that we can get from no other tenor. After the last bars of his farewell to Elsa it was hopeless for any others of the cast to hope that we would think of them. Nevertheless, it is only fair that they should be thought of; but I must content myself with saying that Brema's impersonation of Ortrud was the most superb piece of work after Jean's impersonation of Lohengrin, that Eames sang Elsa's music beautifully but in a very up-to-date manner, that Bispham sang with passion but sometimes showed a slight tendency to exaggeration in his acting, and that Edouard de Reszke sang nobly, acted nobly, but was sometimes very considerably out of tune as the King. And it must be added that the stage management was distinctly the best yet seen at Covent Garden.

J. F. R.

MAINLY ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.

"Othello." Lyric Theatre, 22 May, 1897.

"Antony and Cleopatra." Olympic Theatre, 24 May, 1897.

"Belle Belair." A new play in four acts, by R. R. Lumley. Avenue Theatre, 19 May, 1897.

IF only I were a moralist, like Shakespeare, how I could improve the occasion of the fall of the once Independent Theatre! A fortnight ago that body, whose glory was its freedom from actor-managership and its repertory of plays which no commercial theatre would produce, was hanging the wreath on the tip-top of the Independent tower over its performance of the "Wild Duck." This week it has offered us, as choice Independent fare, the thirty-year-old "acting version" of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," with which Miss Janet Achurch made a sensation the other day in Manchester. I ask the directors of the Independent Theatre what they mean by this? I ask it as a shareholder who put down his hard-earned money for the express purpose of providing a refuge from such exhibitions. I ask it as a member of the body politic, whose only hope of dramatic nutrition is in the strict specialization of these newly and painfully evolved little organs, the Independent and New Century Theatres. I ask it as a critic who has pledged himself for the integrity of the Independent Theatre as recklessly as Falstaff did for Pistol's honesty. Even Pistol was able to retort on Falstaff, "Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" But I have not had fifteen pence: I have only had an afternoon of lacerating anguish, spent partly in contemplating Miss Achurch's overpowering experiments in rhetoric, and partly in wishing I had never been born.

If I speak intemperately on this matter, please to remember what I have endured throughout a quarter of a century of playgoing. Years ago—how many does not matter—I went to the theatre one evening to see a play called "The Two Roses," and was much struck therein by the acting of one Henry Irving, who created a modern realistic character named Digby Grand in a manner which, if applied to an Ibsen play now, would astonish us as much as Miss Achurch's Nora astonished us. When next I saw that remarkable actor, he had gone into a much older established branch of his business, and was trying his hand at "Richelieu." He was new to the work; and I suffered horribly; the audience suffered horribly; and I hope (though I am a humane man, considering my profession) that the actor suffered horribly. For I knew what rhetoric ought to be, having tasted it in literature, music and painting; and as to the stage, I had seen great Italians do it in the days when Duse, like Ibsen, had not arrived. After a long period of convalescence, I ventured again to the Lyceum, and saw "Hamlet." There was a change. Richelieu had been incessantly excruciating: Hamlet had only moments of violent ineptitude separated by lengths of dulness; and though I yawned, I felt none the worse next morning. When some unaccountable impulse led me to the Lyceum again (I suspect it was to see Miss Ellen Terry), "The Lady of Lyons" was

in the bill. Before Claude Melnotte had moved his wrist and chin twice, I saw that he had mastered the rhetorical style at last. His virtuosity of execution soon became extraordinary. His "Charles I.," for instance, became a miracle of the most elaborate class of this sort of acting. It was a hard-earned and well-deserved triumph; and by it his destiny was accomplished; the anti-Irvingites were confuted; the caricaturists were disconcerted; and the foreign actor could no longer gasp at us when we talked of Irving as a master of his art. But suppose he had foregone this victory! Suppose he had said, "I can produce studies of modern life and character like Digby Grand. I can create weird supernatural figures like Vanderdecken (Vanderdecken, now forgotten, was a masterpiece), and all sorts of grotesques. But if I try this rhetorical art of making old-fashioned heroics impressive and even beautiful, I shall not only make a fool of myself as a beginner where I have hitherto shone as an adept, but—what is of deeper import to me and the world—I shall give up a fundamentally serious social function for a fundamentally nonsensical theatrical accomplishment." What would have been the result of such a renunciation? We should have escaped Lyceum Shakespeare; and we should have had the ablest manager of the day driven by life-or-death necessity to extract from contemporary literature the proper food for the modern side of his talent, and thus to create a new drama instead of galvanizing an old one and cutting himself off from all contact with the dramatic vitality of his time. And what an excellent thing that would have been both for us and for him!

Now what Sir Henry Irving has done, for good or evil, Miss Janet Achurch can do too. If she is tired of being "an Ibsenite actress" and wants to be a modern Ristori, it is clear that the public will submit to her apprenticeship as humbly as they submitted to Sir Henry Irving's. Mr. Grossmith may caricature her at his recitals; flippant critics may pass jests through the stalls or pitties with an ungovernable sense of the ludicrous burst into guffaws; the orchestra may writhe like a heap of trodden worms at each uplifting of her favourite tragic wail; but now, as at the Lyceum of old, the public as a whole is clearly at her mercy; for in art the strength of a chain is its strongest link; and once the power to strike a masterstroke is clearly felt, the public will wait for it patiently through all extremities of experimental blundering. But the result will repeat itself as surely as the process. Let Miss Achurch once learn to make the rhetorical drama plausible, and thenceforth she will never do anything else. Her interest in life and character will be supplanted by an interest in plastique and execution; and she will come to regard emotion simply as the best of lubricants and stimulants, caring nothing for its specific character so long as it is of a sufficiently obvious and facile sort to ensure a copious flow without the fatigue of thought. She will take to the one-part plays of Shakespeare, Schiller, Giacometti, and Sardou, and be regarded as a classic person by the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. In short, she will become an English Sarah Bernhardt. The process is already far advanced. On Monday last she was sweeping about, clothed with red Rossetian hair and beauty to match; revelling in the power of her voice and the steam pressure of her energy; curving her wrists elegantly above Antony's head as if she were going to extract a globe of gold fish and two rabbits from behind his ear; and generally celebrating her choice between the rare and costly art of being beautifully natural in lifelike human acting, like Duse, and the comparatively common and cheap one of being theatrically beautiful in heroic stage exhibition. Alas for our lost leaders! Shakespeare and success capture them all.

"Othello" at the Lyric was a much less trying experience. "Antony and Cleopatra" is an attempt at a serious drama. To say that there is plenty of bogus characterization in it—Enobarbus, for instance—is merely to say that it is by Shakespeare. But the contrast between Cæsar and Antony is true human drama; and Cæsar himself is deeper than the usual Shakespearean stage king. "Othello," on the other hand, is pure melodrama. There is not a touch of character in it that goes below the skin; and the fitful attempts

to make Iago something better than a melodramatic villain only make a hopeless mess of him and his motives. To any one capable of reading the play with an open mind as to its merits, it is obvious that Shakespeare plunged through it so impetuously that he had it finished before he had made up his mind as to the character and motives of a single person in it. Probably it was not until he stumbled into the sentimental fit in which he introduced the willow song that he saw his way through without making Desdemona enough of the "supersubtle Venetian" of Iago's description to strengthen the case for Othello's jealousy. That jealousy, by the way, is purely melodramatic jealousy. The real article is to be found later on in "A Winter's Tale," where Leontes is an unmistakable study of a jealous man from life. But when the worst has been said of "Othello" that can be provoked by its superficiality and staginess, it remains magnificent by the volume of its passion and the splendour of its word-music, which sweep the scenes up to a plane on which sense is drowned in sound. The words do not convey ideas: they are streaming ensigns and tossing branches to make the tempest of passion visible. In this passage, for instance:

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
E'en so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up,"

if Othello cannot turn his voice into a thunder and surge of passion, he will achieve nothing but a ludicrously misplaced bit of geography. If in the last scene he cannot throw the darkness of night and the shadow of death over such lines as

"I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume,"

he at once becomes a person who, on his way to commit a pettish murder, stops to philosophize foolishly about a candle end. The actor cannot help himself by studying his part acutely; for there is nothing to study in it. Tested by the brain, it is ridiculous: tested by the ear, it is sublime. He must have the orchestral quality in him; and as that is a matter largely of physical endowment, it follows that only an actor of certain physical endowments can play Othello. Let him be as crafty as he likes without that, he can no more get the effect than he can sound the bottom C on a violoncello. The note is not there, that is all; and he had better be content to play Iago, which is within the compass of any clever actor of normal endowments.

When I have said that Mr. Wilson Barrett has not this special musical and vocal gift, I have said everything needful; for in this matter a miss is as good as a mile. It is of no use to *speak* "Farewell the tranquil mind"; for the more intelligently and reasonably it is spoken the more absurd it is. It must affect us as "Ora per sempre addio, sante memorie" affects us when sung by Tamagno. Mr. Wilson Barrett is an unmusical speaker except when he is talking Manx. He chops and drives his phrases like a smart carpenter with a mallet and chisel, hitting all the prepositions and conjunctions an extra hard rap; and he has a positive genius for misquotation. For example:

"Of one that loved not wisely but well"

and

"Drop tears down faster than the Arabian trees," both of which appear to me to bear away the palm from Miss Achurch's

"By the scandering of this pelleted storm."

It is a pity that he is not built to fit Othello; for he produces the play, as usual, very well. At the Lyceum every one is bored to madness the moment Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry leave the stage: at the Lyric, as aforetime at the Princess's, the play goes briskly from beginning to end; and there are always three or four successes in smaller parts sparkling round Mr. Barrett's big part. Thus Mr. Wigney Percyval, the first Cassio I ever saw get over the difficulty of appearing a responsible officer and a possible successor for Othello with nothing but a drunken scene to do it in, divides the honours of the second act with Iago;

and Mr. Ambrose Manning is interesting and amusing all through as Roderigo. Mr. Franklin McLeay, as Iago, makes him the hero of the performance. But the character defies all consistency. Shakespeare, as usual, starts with a rough general notion of a certain type of individual, and then throws it over at the first temptation. Iago begins as a coarse blackguard, whose jovial bluntness passes as "honesty," and who is professionally a routine subaltern incapable of understanding why a mathematician gets promoted over his head. But the moment a stage effect can be made, or a fine speech brought off by making him refined, subtle and dignified, he is set talking like Hamlet, and becomes a godsend to students of the "problems" presented by our divine William's sham characters. Mr. McLeay does all that an actor can do with him. He follows Shakespeare faithfully on the rails and off them. He plays the jovial blackguard to Cassio and Roderigo and the philosopher and mentor to Othello just as the lines lead him, with perfect intelligibility and with so much point, distinction and fascination that the audience loads him with compliments, and the critics all make up their minds to declare that he shows the finest insight into the many-sided and complex character of the prince of villains. As to Miss Maud Jeffries, I came to the conclusion when she sat up in bed and said, "Why I should fear, I know not" with pretty petulance, that she did not realize the situation a bit; but her voice was so pathetically charming and musical, and she so beautiful a woman, that I hasten to confess that I never saw a Desdemona I liked better. Miss Frances Ivor, always at her best in Shakespeare, should not on that account try to deliver the speech about "lashing the rascal naked through the world" in the traditional Mrs. Crummles manner. Emilia's really interesting speeches, which contain some of Shakespeare's curious anticipations of modern ideas, were of course cut; but Miss Ivor, in what was left, proved her aptitude for Shakespearean work, of which I self-denyingly wish her all possible abundance.

Mr. Barrett's best scene is that in which he reads the despatch brought by Lodovico. His worst—leaving out of account those torrential outbreaks of savagery for which he is too civilized—is the second act. The storm, the dread of shipwreck, the darkness, the fierce riot, the "dreadful bell that frights the isle from its propriety," are not only not suggested, but contradicted, by the scenery and management. We are shown a delightful Mediterranean evening; the bell is as pretty as an operatic angelus; Othello comes in like a temperance lecturer; Desdemona does not appear; and the exclamation,

"Look, if my gentle love be not raised up—
I'll make thee an example,"

becomes a ludicrously schoolmasterly "I'll make thee an example," twice repeated. Here Mr. Barrett makes the Moor priggish instead of simple, as Shakespeare meant him to be in the moments when he meant anything beyond making effective stage points. Another mistake in management is the business of the portrait in the third act, which is of little value to Othello, and interrupts Iago's speeches in a flagrantly obvious manner.

"Belle Belair" at the Avenue is a primitive and not very robust specimen of modern comedy, pleasantly held up by a cast which includes Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Martin Harvey and Miss Irene Vanbrugh. The title part was probably meant for Miss Ada Rehan rather than for Mrs. John Wood; but Mrs. John Wood can translate all sorts of parts into Mrs. John Wood parts; so it does not greatly matter. Miss Louise Moodie, Mr. Farquharson and Mr. Beauchamp are also in the cast; so if the piece fails it will not be from underplaying.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bank of England rate of discount remains at 2 per cent., and there will be no need to alter it so long as the Directors can keep upwards of 34 millions sterling of bullion in their vaults. But the demand for gold for Austria, Russia and Japan is as keen as ever,

and has driven up the price of bars in the open market to £3 18s. an ounce. It is true that gold continues to be exported from the United States, but it seems inevitable that the Bank reserve must shortly be drawn upon to a considerable extent, unless of course large consignments are received here from abroad. We shall not, therefore, be surprised to see the official rate of discount rise again in a week or two; although in other respects we attach no importance to the predictions in some quarters of a coming tightness of money.

The settlement this week on the Stock Exchange disclosed the fact that a very heavy "bear" account had, in the course of the upward rush of the week before, been converted into a moderately heavy "bull" account. Consequently there was something of a reaction, or at any rate a cessation of large buying operations, until about Wednesday afternoon. This was only to be expected. According to the "Banker's Magazine," 325 representative securities rose in value between 21 April and 21 May by no less than £61,462,000. The improvement touched every class of stocks except American Railways and Australian Banks, the most remarkable recovery being, of course, in the South African Market, in which the rise on the ten representative issues selected for comparison was as much as 37 per cent. We repeat our opinion that the really good mines in this section, such as New Heriots and Crown Reefs, offer opportunities for investment out of all proportion to the prospects of West Australian issues which stand at equal or even higher prices, and the public can scarcely go wrong so long as they avoid the rubbish. Things have been at their worst, and the chances are now all on the side of buyers.

Home Railways, especially Great Easterns, showed some falling off in the making-up prices, but the market is now once more buoyant, Great Northerns and Great Easterns leading the way. The traffic returns, which compared very favourably with those for the corresponding week of last year, when allowance is made for its being the week before Whitsun week, no doubt helped the "bulls" materially. As compared with 1895, the Midland Railway showed an increase of £22,944, the North-Western £22,599, the North-Eastern £20,320, and the Great Western £18,260. The fall of 6½ in Great Easterns during the account justified our comparison last week of the relative merits of that stock at 128 and Great Westerns at 175 with 2½ per cent. more dividend. There has been a rally during the last day or two, but in our view the stock is still dear, and Great Westerns at 177 are better worth buying. Lancashire and Yorkshire stock, too, which has so far not received much attention, seems to us cheap nowadays at 150½, at which price the yield is about 3½ per cent.

The making-up prices of Foreign Stocks were better in nearly all cases, Greek issues being from 2 to 4 points up, and Egyptian Unified 1½. Argentine Government stocks have fallen about ½, though the Railways improved from 1 to 3 points. Ottoman Railways have risen 2½, and the Debentures 5. Even American Railways are looking up a little, helped perhaps by the favourable traffic returns of the Canadian Pacific and Southern lines, and by the decision that the Inter-State Commerce Commission cannot interfere with the fixing of railway rates; but American dealers know better than to believe in these stocks, and anything like a serious rise in Throgmorton Street is sure to be met by selling orders from Wall Street.

It will interest all who have commercial relations with the United States to learn that there is a probability of President McKinley revoking the order made by the last Administration abolishing the system of consular fees. The revised statutes authorize consuls, before certifying invoices, to "require satisfactory evidence, either by oath or otherwise, that such invoices are correct and true." Under this section it was formerly customary to exact money from exporters in the form of fees for administering oaths to such an aggregate amount as to make their offices, in some instances, very lucrative ones. The

worst of it was that the oath never amounted to anything, for there was no means of verifying the statements of an exporter, nor could he be prosecuted for perjury in an American court. President Cleveland and Mr. Olney issued an order directing consuls either to forego the oath or else to administer it themselves without additional fees. It is this mild form of blackmail which President McKinley is credited with wishing to restore. The only argument we have seen advanced in favour of it is that the salaries paid to American consuls are too low and must be supplemented by fees. There are many unjust variations in salaries, and on the Continent especially they are oftentimes inadequate. But in Great Britain they are higher than anywhere else, ranging from £3,000 to £5,000 per annum, and it is only in Great Britain that the "swearing fee" system has been grossly abused.

An example of the disabilities under which British shipping labours in competition with the vessels of bounty-paying countries is afforded by the case of France. From the Chantiers de Normandie, the new dockyard at Rouen, there were launched in 1896 seven large steel sailing-ships of three and four masts each, in addition to two steel dredgers. At the end of the year there were on the stocks four more sailing-ships—two of 1,950 tons gross and two of 2,950 tons. For these thirteen vessels the builders have received, or will receive, bounties amounting in the aggregate to £68,595—which is something like one-half the cost of construction of similar ships in Great Britain. The bounty is at the rate of 65 francs per gross ton on iron and steel ships, and in order to encourage other classes of shipbuilding there are also bounties of 30 francs per ton for wooden vessels of less than 150 tons and 40 francs for wooden vessels over that tonnage. But the generosity of the French Government does not end here. French ships are entitled to navigation bounties. New steel ships in the first year of their existence are granted 1 franc 70 cents for every thousand miles they sail, this premium being reducible by fr. 0·06 per annum.

Among the vessels launched from Rouen last year was the "Louis Pasteur," which sailed to New South Wales, and thence to San Francisco, where she booked a wheat charter home at 30s. per ton. On the homeward voyage she will earn 95,625 francs from freight; her bounty for the round trip of 32,100 miles will amount to 101,730 francs; and with 3,000 francs as premiums for apprentices, her gross earnings will reach a total of 222,355 francs. Her expenses are estimated at 94,270 francs, which leaves a net profit of 106,085 francs, equivalent to a return of 25½ per cent. on the paid-up capital, irrespective of the profit on the outward voyage to New South Wales. French shipbuilders must pay at a high rate for their materials because of the Protectionist régime, and are not so favourably placed in relation to English competition as the generous bounty would seem to indicate. But ship-owners, in spite of a heavier initial cost, have matters pretty much their own way, and can obviously afford to cut rates, if needful, to a very low figure. The French mercantile marine has not made much progress in the past decade, the total tonnage having gone up by only 37,000 tons. But the Government, in the law of 1881, made the mistake of granting to vessels built in foreign countries for French owners half the navigation premium allowed for vessels of French build. In 1890 this system of demi-premiums was renounced, and since then French shipbuilding has made steady advance. Though they take steamers from English builders, the French appear to have done with British-built sailing vessels.

It may be worth while, in view of the rumour of further borrowings by China, to note how the Maritime Customs revenue—which seems to be recognized as the only substantial security she has to offer—now stands. The total foreign trade of China in 1896, as shown by the Imperial Maritime Customs Returns, was the largest on record, notwithstanding the loss of Formosa. The net imports were Tls. 202,590,000 and the exports Tls. 131,081,000, giving a gross total of Tls. 333,671,000. The net revenue was Tls. 22,579,000,

which is nearly more than a million taels in excess of 1895, but a million behind the record year of 1891; owing to a decline in the import of Indian opium, which yielded a revenue of Tls. 6,108,000 in 1891, but only Tls. 3,920,000 last year. China's present debts amount to £38,630,000. The amount required for the service of this debt is about £2,410,000, whereas the Customs revenue amounts at the present fluctuating rate of exchange to between 3¼ and 3½ millions. The service of native loans and other appropriations are estimated to absorb another half-million; so that there remains roughly about half a million free.

After thirty years of effort on the part of Hongkong, and of resistance at Canton, foreign merchants are to be allowed to use the great stream which the Chinese call the West River. A Convention signed in February last, which comes into force next month, concedes the right of navigation, residence and trade at the considerable city of Wuchow, on the borders of Kwangse, and at two intermediate riverine ports; and the local officials had, when the last mail left, just issued a proclamation announcing the event. The concession is restricted, as Wuchow is only 200 miles above Canton, while Hongkong merchants want to reach Nanning, 360 miles further, and Pese—the head of navigation even for light-draught boats—on the frontier of Yunnan. The obstruction has its origin, doubtless, in the unwillingness of the provincial authorities to admit changes that upset the system of barrier taxation which prevails throughout China, but is more flourishing in the South than elsewhere. It has found support, however, as we have before remarked, in French jealousy of a route that would give Hongkong a chance of competing with Tongking for the trade of South-west China. The opening of Wuchow will do not much for that end. It will help to develop the trade of Kwantung and Kwangse, but it leaves Yunnan untouched.

The French seem, in the meantime, to be actively pursuing their policy in Tongking. Tenders have been invited for widening the line between Phulangthuong and Langson, which is of the narrowest and lightest possible kind, and China has been pressed to complete her engagement to construct a branch to meet it on the Yunnan border. The new Commander-in-chief, General Bichot, proposes to establish a considerable European force in the neighbourhood, at a place called Caobang. As a hill station, and a point near the junction, Caobang enjoys both sanitary and strategic advantages. No one supposes, of course, that the good relations between France and China will ever be disturbed, or that a French army will ever cross the border. The troops are just as well at Caobang, however, as elsewhere, especially as it is much healthier for them there than in the South.

Exclusive of the share paid to the Orange Free State, the Cape railways last year earned £8 19s. 7d. per cent. on the total capitalization—for lines open—of £20,790,288. This is the best return they have ever obtained. In 1895 the figure was £7 9s. 10d.; in 1890, £5 15s. 10d.; in 1886, £2 16s. 11d.; in 1880, £2 4s. 2d.; and in 1876, £2 1s. 5d. The traffic, both passenger and goods, has increased in a highly satisfactory manner. The passengers carried last year numbered 7,978,652 against 6,703,098 in 1895, and 3,950,613 in 1890; and the goods carried totalled 1,378,345 tons against 1,158,614 tons in the previous year, and 620,286 tons in 1890. In spite of the necessity, which the authorities appear to recognize, for complete equipment and the enhanced expenditure which it entails, the ratio of expenses continues small. In 1890 the receipts per train mile were 6s. 9½d. and the expenses 3s. 9d. In 1893 the respective figures were 7s. 4d. and 4s. 4d., and in 1896, 8s. 2d. and 3s. 10d. The total receipts last year were £4,078,561 against £3,390,093 in 1895 and £1,896,545 in 1890; while the expenditure amounted to £1,921,809 (47·1 per cent. of the whole) against £1,596,013 (47·1 per cent.) in the previous year, and £1,047,420 (55·2 per cent.) in 1890. In his report for 1895 the General Manager of the Cape Railways spoke of the return of £7 9s. 10d. as "phenomenal." Having thus worked off his best adjective, he

is forced, in describing last year's results, to fall back upon tame words, and say they have been "far beyond the most sanguine expectations."

The latest traffic returns from Mexico confirm the views we expressed last week as to the flourishing state of the country and its excellent prospects. The little Vera Cruz line shows an increase of £2,600, while the Mexican Central and the Mexican National have improved to the extent of \$36,248 and \$26,241 respectively. Notwithstanding the state of the Silver Market, the commercial and financial condition of the country seems very hopeful. The United States is obtaining a firm hold over a large share of the imports, and British manufacturers would do well to see that our business with such a productive and growing country does not in any way diminish.

Costa Rica is making a special effort to recommence paying at least a portion of its indebtedness. The proposals are to reduce the rate of interest on the "A" stock from 5 to 3 per cent., and on the "B" stock to 2½ per cent., the arrears of £250,000 to be reduced to £100,000, which it is stated will be paid off at the rate of £10,000 per year. It will be remembered that the original rates of interest on the Costa Rica loans of 1871 and 1872 were 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. The principal of the bonds was reduced by one half in 1885, and the interest curtailed to 5 per cent. Now it is proposed that the interest and arrears shall be cut down again! Whatever may be arranged, the 1885 arrangement should not be allowed to lapse, so that in case of further default holders may have the option of returning to their rather lean muttons.

The third series of Colonial wool sales came to an end last Saturday, the prices realized being generally good. Out of 220,166 bales catalogued, 7,000 were bought in at the hammer, while 47,500 bales were not offered, and are carried forward to the next series—not always a successful speculation. Of those sold, 95,000 are estimated to have been taken for export, 12,000 being for the United States. The number of bales catalogued for the first three series is 786,143, as compared with 602,721 bales for the first three series of 1896; and the sales have so far been very satisfactory, the extensive American purchases being, of course, due to the imminence of the new Tariff Bill.

The Consular Report, issued since the appearance of our last number, on the trade of the Ionian Islands has an intimate bearing upon the position of Greece, and is therefore valuable. It deals with the three ports of Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia. The exports from the first of these ports last year were valued at £119,462, as compared with £147,200 in 1895, and the imports at £238,346, as compared with £185,451. The tables relating to Zante are incomplete—presumably Mr. Vice-Consul Crowe was too busy to finish them. Mr. Sampson, at Cephalonia, puts the exports from that port at £113,500, against £115,795 in 1895, and the imports at £138,150, against £134,600. It will be observed that in the case of both these ports exports have gone down while imports have gone up. Mr. Dupuis, at Corfu, considers it "remarkable" that our trade should hold its ground, and offers as an explanation "the connexion in business of these people in former times with houses in England." But old-standing connexions alone will not avail to keep trade for all time in the hands of Englishmen who will not push their business. At present they appear to count—for imports from Great Britain increased last year by nearly £15,000—which was exceeded only by Austria with an increase of £16,000. Italy improved its position to the extent of £14,200, Turkey £9,800, France £8,494, and Germany £2,400. Apart from such natural products as currants and olive oil, progress is being made in the Ionian Islands in the manufacture of soap, stearine, straw hats, furniture, umbrellas, agricultural tools, and some other commodities, which are all heavily protected.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Last summer the Village Mainreef Co. held a meeting and two things were proposed by the Board.

One was the sale of part of their ground to the Wemmer Company for 25,000 Wemmer shares; the other was the issue of 50,000 new shares at £5 10s., 40,000 to be offered to existing holders *pro rata*, and 10,000 left on option to some one not named (probably the Goldfields) for their guarantee of the 40,000.

This money was needed to pay off an existing debt to the Goldfields, to buy and erect 100 new stamps, and to raise quartz enough to keep them going when erected. The option as to the 10,000 shares not having been exercised, through the autumn fall in prices, it is fair to the Board to say they are entitled to tell us to-day that they want £55,000 to complete their original scheme. But instead, what do they do? They ask our assent to the issue of 40,000 more shares at 70s., which would give them £140,000, or £85,000 more than they told us would suffice; and this while they hold 25,000 Wemmer shares worth £7 to-day. I must say, as to this revised estimate, the need for it is the reverse of flattering to the Board, for we are not told that any unforeseen difficulties have occurred since last summer, and the mining manager was present at the meeting, and our Chairman is a mining engineer besides.

But that is not so much my point, which is that the Board have no right to ask us for one penny to-day, since we possess the 25,000 Wemmer shares worth £175,000, and the 10,000 unissued shares of our own, worth £40,000. Of course these shares could not be sold for £215,000 at a stroke, though I have no doubt that, among the many wealthy firms and individuals connected with South Africa who know their value, if the Board desired, they could get the money easily. But there is a far better plan than that, which is to offer these Wemmer and Village Mainreef shares to the existing Village shareholders *pro rata*, on such terms as to produce, say, £150,000; the shares would be jumped at and the small balance, if any, not applied for could be easily sold before November, when the Manager says we shall start crushing if only he gets the money he wants.

After all, these shares we hold belong to us as shareholders; our Company is called the Village Mainreef Gold Mining Company, and nothing else, so that I entirely disapprove of our Board holding these shares, as tending to give us the status of a finance company and the Board a power they have no right to possess. Their aim should be to produce gold and pay us dividends; we ask no more of them than that. You may say I should tell the meeting this next week, as the matter has no public interest. But that is not quite so; this morning every shareholder has had from the Board a circular and a stamped proxy form, and been asked for his proxy by post; at the meeting last summer there were not above twenty or thirty shareholders present, apart from the Board. Discussion is useless if, as then, the directors have a majority of proxies in their pockets. It is such ill-considered acts as this proposed needless launching of fresh capital that frighten the real public, and make mining shares (involving at the best a good deal of risk) more and more the hunting-ground of the professional speculator.—Your obedient Servant,

AN INVESTOR WHO HAS PUT MORE THAN
£10,000 INTO THE COMPANY.

P.S.—I hear the Company has existed ten years, spent over £500,000, and never paid a penny of dividend yet.

[Our correspondent's suggestion appears to be a very good one from the point of view of the shareholders. We do not doubt that the scheme which the meeting will be asked to approve next week will prove to be no less excellent from the point of view of the directors. If the directors are, in these circumstances, able to obtain the support of the majority of the shareholders, the inference will be that the latter are possessed of less intelligence than our correspondent—which, we fear, is not improbable.—ED. S. R.]

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

COLONIA.—We fear that the earliest date on which the bonds you name may be expected to pay a dividend is not much anterior to the Greek Kalends. If you are a holder, we advise you to sell. But the price is not likely to fall to zero.

There is a certain class of investors ready to purchase any rubbish provided that it is "cheap"—overlooking the concomitant attribute.

FASTNETT.—No. 1 offers a moderately good 4½ per cent. investment at the present price. As to No. 2, Paquins, Limited has appeared under excellent auspices. Mr. John Barker is its chairman, and the promoter is Mr. Mendl, who has already accomplished several successful promotions, notably Harrod's Stores, Limited, and D. H. Evans, Limited. Yet we are not quite sure of the future of Paquins. It is true that as a *couturier* Monsieur Paquin, uniting technical skill with good address, has achieved a popularity with the smart ladies of Paris which is only surpassed by their appreciation of the still more delicate taste and artistic touches of Madame Paquin. But Englishwomen are not built on the same lines as Frenchwomen, and are beginning to find out that Parisian fashions are not always the best suited to them. Still, the shares are at a premium, and as the business is sure to be well managed, they may go higher still.

KILLIE.—(1) We advise you to hold on to Ooregums for the present. (2) Aladdin's Lamp, Woodstock (Transvaal), E. C. Powder, or Humber Ordinary would probably meet your wishes.

R. B. S.—We certainly advise you to sell.

TORQUAY.—No. 1 is decidedly a good investment at the present time. No. 2 we should leave alone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUFFIANLY POLICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A Royal visit, illuminations of the streets, and a reception at the Town Hall must necessarily be accompanied by a good deal of horseplay in any English town of moderate size. The stupidity which fixed such a visit during the sojourn of three thousand undergraduates in Oxford, and the recklessness which hired a party of unscrupulous police ruffians from London to terrorize the boisterous youths and, as occasion offered, to smash their heads, cannot be too severely condemned.

The point to which I desire especially to draw attention is that the Oxford City Police were innocent of outrage, and that the head-breaking and practised perjury which were employed last week against not only undergraduates but Fellows of colleges, eminent surgeons, the proctor's marshal, and even the proctor himself, were the work of a reserve division of Metropolitan Police.

It is indeed extraordinary that the dangerous and outrageous practices of this body of men are submitted to with so much calmness and indifference by English people. I am inclined to believe that it is because the remedy is not very obvious. We are all of us agreed that it is not precisely the fault of the individual policeman if he is a murderous bully, a blackmailer, and a perjurer. After all, he has been taught and trained to be so. And this seems to me to point to the source of the present disgraceful condition of things and to the steps which must be taken to remedy it.

It is the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police—Sir Edward Bradford—who is actually responsible for the present training and temper of the Metropolitan Police, and it is by a motion in the House of Commons to deduct his salary from the Estimates that we may expect to see attention drawn to the injurious system by which the London policeman is drilled in unscrupulous methods and protected when he is convicted of excess. Perhaps, now that the word of a London policeman has been preferred by the city magistrates at Oxford to that of the Home Secretary's son, Sir Matthew White Ridley will hesitate about putting implicit faith in Scotland Yard, and will cause some punishment to be administered to the ruffians who were let loose in Oxford on 12 May, or will at any rate reprimand the "pasha" who sent them and will never admit that his men are in the wrong.—Yours truly,

ANTI-BULLY.

COURTESY AT CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CAMBRIDGE, 26 May, 1897.

SIR,—The scene at Cambridge last Friday was in some ways only a repetition, on a more extensive scale and in more public surroundings, of what has now

become customary at the most august functions of the University. It has for some time been regarded as a characteristic exhibition of undergraduate humour to throw a cabbage or a bag of flour at the Vice-Chancellor in full congregation; and perhaps it is less unseemly than this to pelt with crackers and squibs and rotten eggs the members of Congregation, assembled to give their votes upon the green beside the Senate-house. But there was one new feature in Friday's proceedings which is most disquieting, at least to those who care anything about the University and its government. The former outrages against order and decency have at least been performed in stealth and secrecy; they have been reprobated by the gentlemanly feelings of the better class of undergraduates; they have been viewed with indignation by those responsible for the discipline of the University; and the offenders, if detected, have been considered worthy of severe punishment. But the disgraceful exhibition of last Friday was not only unpunished, though there was no attempt at concealment, but openly tolerated and even encouraged. A syndicate of the most moderate and careful men was appointed by the Senate to collect evidence and to produce a report upon a somewhat complicated question; when the report was produced, with certain proposals for the acceptance or rejection of the Senate, the most ludicrous travesty of its result was circulated among the undergraduates: they were encouraged to interfere in every manner, legal and illegal, with the voting of the Senate. Many who were before the friends of moderate counsels were convinced by last Friday that government by women graduates, with which we are threatened as an impending horror, would be preferable at least to government by undergraduate mob-law.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all is that responsible graduates of the University, instead of ordering the proctors or the police to keep order, fell down upon their knees to beg the undergraduates to keep within some bounds, and extolled their good nature and their moderation because they confined their efforts for the most part to offences against good taste and gentlemanly feeling without risking actual infringements of the law. It is difficult to decide which claims most wonder from non-residents—the pusillanimity of the authorities or the extraordinarily low standard of behaviour which they seem to expect from undergraduates. Could anything be in worse taste than the proceedings of the undergraduates as soon as the result of the voting was declared? They went in a body to Newnham, dragging an effigy of a woman on a bicycle which missed being indecent only in execution, not in intention; this effigy must presumably have been supposed to have some connexion with the question at issue, since it was torn to pieces and thrown against the gates of Newnham by a hooting mob; and then the leaders of this gentlemanly exhibition thought they had acted with good feeling and generosity because they abstained, at least on that occasion, from doing any such damage as would have brought them into the police-court. We may allow them discretion in this matter, which contrasts with the less calculated disorder that has been seen elsewhere; but one would like to hear how some of these same undergraduates, who claim to be English gentlemen, would characterize such proceedings if they were reported from France or Germany. However, we may be pretty confident that those of them who are capable of better feelings are heartily ashamed by this time of the part they played. The extraordinary number of those who voted against the very moderate measure proposed must have seemed inexplicable to all who have followed the development of women's education at Cambridge. The recommendations of the syndicate were intended as a compromise, and were a mere corollary of the far more important graces passed some fifteen years ago. The argument that they were "the thin end of the wedge" can hardly be taken seriously, for the thin end, if such it be, is surely inserted already. The majority of non-placets were not given against any particular measure, but against the education of women in itself; hence arises the anachronism that threatens to relegate Cambridge to one of the last places among the Universities of the world.—Yours truly,

M.A. CANTAB.

THE BEHRING SEAL FISHERIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 35 QUEEN STREET, E.C.

SIR,—Referring to the paragraph appearing in your issue of 17 April, respecting the Behring Seal Fisheries, and the painful suggestions therein made, may I, as one of the members of the North American Commercial Company (the present lessees of the Alaska Seal Islands) beg of you to give equal prominence in your valued journal to some few remarks which I would desire to bring to the notice of your readers in refutation of the statements in question?

In the first place there is no idea of making things hot or cold for anybody, neither is there a wish to hurt Canada or to worry England, much less is there any intention on the part of the Alaska Company to avoid or ignore any of the decisions come to by the Paris tribunal, which we are fully aware are binding for a period of five years. What, however, we do contend, and what we wish the British public to clearly understand, is the fact that by their award the Paris tribunal had the intention to give all the protection they possibly could to the seal herd, consistent, of course, with fairness to all parties concerned, and the regulations were made to be binding for the period mentioned, a clause being inserted in the award specially providing that the terms of the same were subject to revision on the expiration of five years from the date of the same coming into force. Now it being clear that the members of the Commission sent out last year are all more or less in accord that the protective measures as made by the Paris tribunal are ineffective, or, let us say, insufficient, to carry out their purposes, the question at once arises as to whether the injury to the seal herd should be allowed to continue for the unexpired term set forth in the award, or whether it would not be wiser as well as more humane for an attempt to be made by all parties interested to come to a mutual agreement without delay, upon the basis of the alterations to the existing regulations that may be recommended by the Commissioners. This is the real and only question to be satisfactorily settled, and it may be well to point out that the present low value of the seal-skin not only precludes any hope of profit to Canadian sealers, but under existing conditions the result must be a total failure of their ability to continue the industry, so that it would seem that the present would be a most convenient and appropriate time to take the matter in hand and carry out the necessary means of giving effect to the views of the Commissioners.

I am sorry to have troubled you at such length, but I would, in conclusion, ask you, in common fairness to American Senators and to the members of the North American Commercial Company, to say if in the circumstances the attack made in your columns is justified by the facts, and further, are you and the people of this country acquainted with the fact that there are only four or five firms in Victoria, B.C., who practically control the sixty-five sealing vessels flying the English flag, and which are registered in Canadian ports? These are the people who are really the cause of all this friction, and having had nothing but losses for some years past, only keep up the agitation against America in the hope of some day being compensated by the English and American Governments, and thus getting out of a thoroughly bad investment.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

H. LIEBES.

[If the Paris regulations have, by common consent, proved insufficient, no doubt the parties concerned will agree upon further protective measures before the expiration of the five years; and, proof being given, Lord Salisbury will not be the last to recognize the necessity. We have no doubt that the herds have diminished; but we decline to accept the many alarmist statements which have emanated from Mr. Liebes's friends on the Pribyloff Islands, and in this we are confirmed by the report of Professor D'Arcy Thompson, issued this week. Reading between the lines of Mr. Liebes's reference to the Canadian sealers, the inference is that in his opinion these men ought to be suppressed altogether, so that the North American Commercial Company may

have matters all its own way. We do not believe the position is so bad as to warrant that course.—THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH.]

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 May, 1897.

SIR,—Sir George Baden-Powell, in an able article which appeared in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," and which contains many truisms, will, I trust, pardon me for calling attention to what I consider to be a great mistake on his part in saying "It is not, however, to be forgotten that neither sugar nor any other crop is, or has been, a permanent staple in the West Indies."

The official returns of Trinidad—and I have not those of British Guiana or any of the other West Indian Islands to which he refers—show that in 1895 the total value of the exports from that colony were £2,065,104, and not £2,080,000. Now the analysis of these figures is well worth the attention of those interested in the matter; the value of the goods entered for exportation only, and landed into the steamers' warehouse for constructive transshipment, was £112,770, of bullion and specie £273,237, of goods not the produce of the island £242,771, and of the produce and manufacture of the colony £1,436,326. Of this last amount the value of the sugar, molasses and rum was £649,432, or in other words the value of the produce and manufactures of the colony, after deducting that of the sugar, molasses and rum, was £786,894. I therefore contend from the above statistics that Sir George Baden-Powell is wrong in stating that the value of the exports of Trinidad (other products than that of sugar) was £1,403,000. In estimating the ratio of the value of the sugar industry of Trinidad as compared with that of the other exports, one should first make the deductions that I have, and not simply be guided by the values of the total exports.

That the sugar industry has been and is the backbone of the trade in Trinidad is, I contend, beyond all question; the value of an industry in a country is to be judged, I venture to think, from the amount of money that its production involves being expended thereon; and if this be correct the sugar industry puts into circulation say £600,000 a year, a sum exceeding that expended on all the other industries of the island; while that on cocoa may be taken at £230,000. The value of the cocoa produce of the colony exported in 1895 was, however, £620,634, or slightly less than that of the sugar. The next item in value is that of asphalt, of which 86,148 tons, valued at £97,325, were exported; but I do not suppose, with the exception of the handsome revenue received by way of export duty, that the amount of money put into circulation in the island in the cost of winning it exceeds £20,000. It is indeed a scandalous state of affairs that an island like Trinidad, with its enormous amount of uncultivated lands, should be so dependent on Venezuela and the neighbouring islands for its supply of vegetables and live stock. There are very many who hold with me, and I think statistics endorse my views, that the extinction of the sugar trade, which is seriously threatened, will be the ruin of the colony and spread universal distress therein, and affect many here.

Without the sugar industry the colony would never have been what it is, and the prominent position that Trinidad to-day holds in the West Indies is solely and entirely due to coolie immigration. Great, indeed, is the debt that the colony owes to him who had the brain, the pluck, and the perseverance to pioneer and to carry into effect this measure at a time when ruin stared the colony in the face.—I am, yours faithfully,

DU ROY JE LE TIENS.

"INDIAN GUP."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 May, 1897.

SIR,—Thanking you for your friendly criticism of my book, "Indian Gup," I crave of your courtesy a short space to say a word on behalf of the chaplain in India, whom you have strangely belittled.

It is true no doubt, as you say, that the chaplain, as a Government servant, is debarred from missionary work, which might be misunderstood, and would contravene the Queen's promise of neutrality. In truth, the chaplain has no time for other work than his own. My experience of more than twenty years is, that the Indian Chaplains of my day—'57 to '78—would bear favourable comparison with their brethren in England in every way, and were as much interested in their work and as much respected as any rector or vicar would be, and would indignantly repudiate the narrow creed with which you credit them. To mention names would be invidious, but I have them at my finger-ends.

I am not surprised that some dispute the opinion I expressed that the knowledge of Christianity is widespread among the natives of India. But I maintain, having lived in touch with missionary work in all parts of India, and having conversed with the natives, both in the hills and plains, that my statement, strange as it may seem, is true: "that, broadly speaking, the natives of India know as much of Christianity as the children of our national schools." I do not say that they believe it, or are likely to do so—that is another story—but that they know about it generally and are indirectly influenced by it.

For one hundred and fifty years the natives, intelligent and observant and inquiring, have not failed to ask and find out what their conquerors believed; and for one hundred years at least missionary colleges and schools have turned out thousands of pupils well versed in Christian history, who have carried that knowledge into all parts; so that the opinion of experts is, that Indian society, though a long way from being converted, is permeated with Christian truth, and, given the psychological moment, a nation may be born in a day.

I quite allow that many Eurasians are loyal citizens and able officers of Government, but of the rank and file I am afraid that my estimate is not far from the mark, and as my work lay amongst them for many years, I ought to know.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. BALDWIN, Indian Chaplain Retired.

CRIMINAL APPEALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DUBLIN, 24 May.

SIR,—The great argument against a Court of Criminal Appeal is that juries in criminal cases never go wrong; and the proof that they never go wrong is that the Home Secretary never finds anything in their verdict to correct, even though (as the "Times" said in one well-known case) not one man in every three was prepared for it. This infallibility of jurors does not extend to civil cases, because in such cases appeals are allowed. When a Court of Appeal exists, it is not the part of a good juror or of a good citizen to leave it entirely without occupation; but the knowledge that the Home Secretary will not interfere with the verdict in a criminal case (unless a conflicting verdict is reached in a subsequent trial) suffices to ensure its correctness.

With regard to this infallibility of juries, may I refer your readers to a case tried before the Recorder of Dublin with a common jury (consisting of men belonging to the same class as those who tried the much more difficult case of Mrs. Maybrick) on 14 May? Three men were charged with stealing a horse and car. It appeared that after leaving their work on a Saturday they took out a horse and car belonging to their employer and started for a drive; and the horse and car being missed they were sought for and found driving very fast and considerably the worse for drink. How they came to be committed for trial for this drunken freak is not very intelligible. What followed is thus reported:—

"The Recorder: Gentlemen of the jury, you will acquit the prisoners.

The issue-paper was handed up and signed by the foreman.

The Registrar: Gentlemen, you find the prisoners not guilty?

The Foreman: No sir—guilty.

The Recorder: Surely not. I said, gentlemen, acquit the prisoners.

The Foreman: I thought you said convict (laughter).

The Recorder: Plainly the case was only one of a drunken freak, and these men never meant to steal the horse and trap.

The verdict was altered to one of Not Guilty."

And yet this jury was evidently quite ready to convict the prisoners without even a recommendation to mercy. It did not require a twelve hours' charge to bring about that result.

The believers in the infallibility of juries have as a rule never been on juries themselves. They consist chiefly of judges and barristers who have been successful in inducing juries to adopt their views, and they conclude that the jurors were right because they agreed with them. Mr. Leslie Stephen, indeed, tells us in his "Life" of his late brother, that the latter would have thought that he had failed in his duty if he did not succeed in persuading the jury to convict any prisoner whose guilt he regarded as established by the evidence; and I gather from his remarks that Sir J. F. Stephen invariably induced the jurors to convict the prisoners against whom he summed up. It is because conviction by jury is so often a conviction by judge, that many of the judges are so unwilling to disturb it.—Truly yours,

A BARRISTER.

OUR PATENT LAWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 22 May.

SIR,—Does the Government propose to amend our patent laws in accordance with the wishes of the deputation which waited upon Mr. Ritchie the other day? Pending the revolution which is sure to be forced upon us in our method of granting patents, British manufacturers would be glad to see Section 22 amended. In Parliament, Mr. Ritchie professed himself satisfied with this section. The representations since made to him have, we hoped, caused him to change his mind. Section 22 is both iniquitous and inoperative. Though nominally it empowers the Board of Trade to compel a patentee to grant licences on reasonable terms for the working of an invention in the United Kingdom, the whole value of this proviso is nullified because there is no fixed time-limit and because there is no definition as to the scale on which it shall be worked. If applied to for a licence, therefore, a patentee may refuse one on the ground either that he intends to work his patent in this country or that he is already working it; for he may have put up a dummy shop while continuing to import into this country the article made abroad. Mr. Ritchie has stated that in the absence of any decision to the contrary he is satisfied that the law as it stands is effectual. He might have added that no decision has ever been given, for the one sufficient reason that no application has ever been made or is ever likely to be made to the Board, though the Act has been in operation for fourteen years.

The patent laws as they stand seem specially adapted for the very praiseworthy purpose of helping the foreigner to kill English trade. The main weakness, round which most of the other grievances hang, is that any man who chooses to pay the fees may secure the grant of a patent, quite irrespective of its validity. A goodly number of fools keep the department going by putting down the fees for worthless patents; but they are mostly English fools. In America and some of the countries of the Continent the officials test the validity of a claim before allowing it. Here, the thing, first and last, is to collar the money. If a man wishes to establish his rights in an invention, he must trot wealthy infringers through the law courts, and oftener than not he ruins himself in the process. Foreigners may hold patents in this country which have been declared void in their own countries, may pounce upon every one who dares to approach the border-line of a right which is not actually theirs, and may charge here exorbitant prices for an article which should be public property. The German dye-making concerns, whose big dividends we referred to last week, do not come into this category; but if they were compelled to issue licences for the manufacture in this country of the goods for which they are careful to take out patents here, our imports of these same goods would not be so large as they are.—Yours,

R. D.

REVIEWS.

THE STRENGTH OF OUR NAVY.

"The Naval Annual, 1897." Edited by T. A. Brassey.
Portsmouth: J. Griffin & Co. 1897.

LORD BRASSEY'S, and now Mr. T. A. Brassey's, "Naval Annual" has been performing the office of consolidating mortar to the structure of naval thought and progress which has been built up during the last eleven years. The editor remarks on the difficulty that exists in producing accurate tables giving the particulars of the designs of warships, British or foreign. There have been indeed for some years complaints of inaccuracies in these lists—lists which necessarily form the backbone of such a work. But those who complained can scarcely have realized what these difficulties are; nor, in fact, can they have been quite aware how many of the figures given must be more matters of opinion than of fact. Perhaps only those who, like myself, have made an endeavour to verify many of them by reference to official documents understand fully that figures supplied in successive Navy Estimates apparently relating to the same points vary, because the point of view varies from time to time. Very notably is this the case with regard to coal supply. Any one who chooses to run through successive volumes of the Navy Estimates may see that for the same ship different coal supplies, and consequently different displacements, appear. It often becomes a matter of opinion which of these differing statements ought to be accepted. The fact is that each of them is fairly correct, provided the right point of view is taken. But for comparative purposes—for forming an estimate, for instance, of the comparative advance made by any new design—the full materials are rarely to hand. Still taking coal supply, we find that the calculations which are necessary for comparing designs are based on different estimates of coal supply. Formerly, perhaps, they were all based on supposing the ship to have on board all the coal that could be stowed in the bunkers; more lately—as in this year's Estimates—everything is based on a certain "load draught" when the ship is presumably at her best trim, but the coal supply for which does not necessarily bear any fixed proportion to the total bunker capacity. The result, of course, is that there is no real measure now published which can be used for comparison. Mr. Brassey says: "Designers and builders of ships are very reluctant to disclose the amount of coal that can be carried on a given displacement." The Admiralty cannot properly be classed amongst these, because now the Estimates usually give the displacement and the coal supply due to it, but the information is of no use to compare their designs with those of foreign Governments or of private builders. There are two other figures very important in judging of a design which are generally withheld; these are the weight of armour and the weight of ammunition carried. When, therefore, we hear of an Admiralty design, or a foreign or private builder's design, being so much worse or so much better than some other, it generally behoves us still to possess our souls in innocence, for the chances are ten to one that none of those discussing are in possession of the full materials which are necessary for deciding. Very possibly—though it is sometimes said that the Austrian official publication is more complete—the tables in this year's "Annual" are as perfect "as they make them"; yet, still hovering over coal supply, we see the straits to which a compiler is driven when we find the "Annual" giving "Coals that can be carried in bunkers" for the battleships, but only "normal coal supply," that is "coal supply at load draught," which may be unusually large or unusually small, according to whether it bears to the total bunker capacity—of which we know nothing—a smaller or a larger proportion. But there is even a difficulty in stating total bunker capacity with precision, for coal which is a part of the armour of the ship—as it often is—or coal stowed in bunkers that do not admit of ready supply to the fires, cannot be properly compared with coal which is not armour and is immediately accessible. In the same way, when we are debarred from knowledge of the weight of pure armour

and of ammunition allowed for in any design, we lose full knowledge of the force represented in the ship. But in the tables before us, together with the elevations and plans of the ships furnished in succession to the tables, any one taking the trouble can get a sufficiently distinct idea of comparative fighting force. This is a matter chiefly in the hands of Captain Orde Brown, who had last year, and has this year, a special paper on it. It seems that he and I came independently—but he was before me, though I did not know it—to the conclusion that it was impossible to estimate gun-power in any ship unless speed of fire was taken into account. He tells us that the principle has been used by some writers "as if it had long been recognized as a measure of fighting power, while on the other hand it has been denounced by others as altogether misleading." I believe that Captain Orde Brown was the first to publish anything on this head, which he did in the "Engineer" for November 1895. I was working at the subject all that year, but did not publish till March 1896. It appears to me impossible to omit the element of time in estimating gun-power, for it must always be the larger or the smaller number of effective discharges in a given time which measures the power. Mr. Brassey has successfully endeavoured to make some general comparisons in Part I, chapter iii., between the naval forces, counted in ships, of the different Powers. He has reclassified in such a way as to compare force with force more evenly than has otherwise been done; and though this counting of noses does not bring us to a full knowledge of our position, the more even the method of counting, the firmer is our first step in estimating our position. The method reminds us that we must combine numbers with displacement, and cannot use numbers alone to compare by. For according to these tables England has 62 battleships, averaging 11,109 tons each; while France has 35, averaging 9,604 tons; and Russia 23, averaging 9,039 tons. That is to say, if we accepted the French average as the unit, we have 71 units to France and Russia's 56; or if we took the Russian average as the unit, we should have 76 units to France and Russia's 60. Passing away from these questions of material data, which form, as I have said, the backbone of the "Annual," we have an admirable group of papers on all that goes to complete the naval body. There is a good résumé of the progress made by all naval nations since the last "Annual" was published. Then there is a new feature in the form of a complete picture of the German navy, from the pen of one of its own officers. A feature of special importance by an author specially qualified to treat the subject—Sir George S. Clarke—on "The Limitations of Passive Defence" is most opportune. A reaction is setting in, and after a thousand demonstrations to prove that there never was and never can be *independent* passive defence, even the naval authorities are beginning to think it possible to ensure the safety of ports, islands, &c., apart from the navy, by means of passive defence. In the highest quarters we hear it again said that the object of fortifying a port is to relieve the admiral—as if the shooting of Admiral Byng had not for ever settled that question. It has become painfully evident that the principles upon which all defence must be founded are very hard to grasp, and if grasped, are very hard to hold.

Very few men see clearly, as Sir George Clarke in his article shows that he does, that if there is "sea supremacy" no admiral can be troubled about attacks on ports in his rear, because he will certainly be watching the only forces that could undertake them. But that, on the other hand, every admiral in full possession of sea-supremacy must always fear for the blockade of ports in his rear, because that can be effected by the most insignificant of escaped cruisers if there is no naval force left at the port to beat them off. Sir George Clarke's essay will aid the better understanding of these central and everlasting principles, and may help to get it more understood that no sensible man ever objected to passive defence in itself, but only to relying upon it and preparing to rely upon it beyond its capacity to bear. On this ground, too, Mr. Brassey's own articles on "The Naval and Military Forces of Australia," and on "The Principles of Imperial Defence," are to be commended. He writes, following up the

declaration in his preface, that "Indications are not wanting that there is a danger of these limitations being lost sight of." There is no one now living who is capable of competing with Mr. J. R. Thursfield in knowledge of the nature, of the uses, and of the abuses of naval manœuvres. He is a writer who sets an example to all who deal with special matters outside their normal purview. He has become an authority because he never spoke as one until he was one. Probably no one has had so much personal knowledge of naval manœuvres as he has had, but possibly all have not noticed his extreme care in reproducing always, whenever it was in his power, the best professional opinion rather than his own. The result now is that all experts study what he says with respect and attention. None such will be disappointed by his excellent chapter in this "Annual." There follows a chapter by Mr. G. R. Dunell on the "Marine Engineering" of the past year, where the interest mainly rests on the water-tube boiler, though note is taken of the entirely novel "Steam Turbine." The sign of the times is, however, Mr. John Leyland's paper on "Recent Naval Literature." How far this interest in all things naval will carry us, and how long it is going to last, are questions at present unanswerable; but Mr. Leyland awakens us to a consciousness of a real school of naval literature, and he further takes the opportunity of discussing the principles set forth by strategic writers, and generally, it seems to me, with moderation and wisdom. I have usually felt myself much in accord with Lord Brassey and his son, the present Editor, on the question of naval personnel, and especially of reserves. I think Mr. Brassey's article on "Manning" is on the whole a wise and useful one. He is right, I think, in warning us that we cannot have reserves without paying for them, and our present expenditure of £249,000 is small comparatively. But I trust it may be found possible to keep the non-effective vote under by finding a use for all but the physically unfit. Before parting with this old friend, which the years crown with an ever-freshly gilded wreath, I should like to say that one main point of attraction in it should be found at pages 320 to 334. That enormous list of torpedo-vessels, including especially the British torpedo-boat destroyers—92 in number—has not grown to its present prodigious proportions for nothing, we may be sure. I think the figure 92 at p. 320 is the one to fix our eyes upon. The plates in the book are as beautiful as ever, and the credit of the publisher is well kept up by the whole appearance and workmanship of the "Naval Annual" for 1897.

P. H. COLOMB.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A METAPHYSICIAN.

"Problems of Biology." By George Sandeman. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1896.

TO a mind trained in the subtleties of abstract philosophy there is something disconcerting in the ingenuous simplicity of the logical processes employed by biologists. Mr. George Sandeman, with whose name we hope to become better acquainted, is an expert metaphysician: his mind is accustomed to the delicate perfection of those rare abstractions—we beg his pardon—of those concrete realities which formal logic evolves from the pale phenomena that come under the eye of science. It has occurred to him to spy out the land of Biology and to expose pitilessly the pitiful spectacle of anatomists and physiologists prodding their spectral protoplasm with scalpels of moonshine and writing their unsubstantial dreams on visionary folios. To put the matter more plainly, Mr. Sandeman has tested the modes of observation and of theory of the great biologists with the touchstone of formal logic, and has found them unworthy. The biologists must to school again, or at least to the schoolmen, and learn the processes of thought from those who could dispute as to the foothold the point of a needle afforded a bevy of angels, or from the more modern Kant and Hartmann. He finds that three erroneous principles or postulates underlie the biology of systematic hypothesis, and he devotes the greater part of his exceedingly suggestive treatise to exposition of the existence and of the error of the postulates.

As it takes Mr. Sandeman more than a page to give his first summary of the erroneous postulates of biology, it is not practicable to repeat his exact words. Put shortly, the first is the conception of an individual as a bundle of numerous separate qualities; the second the conception that these discrete qualities are the outward manifestation of an actually or phenomenally existing agent within the body, a material agent like hereditary germinal material, or a semi-psychical agent like that of the vitalistic theory of Bunge; the third that the environment, something separate from the individual, continually educates the individual up to itself by the external addition of new qualities. Now two definite lines of criticism of Mr. Sandeman's strictures occur to us. First, it would not be difficult to show that his critical intelligence has overweighted his sympathetic intelligence, and that in many instances he has made confusion between the idea that biologists are trying to express and their somewhat uncouth expression. Lamarck, Darwin, Roux, Weismann, Naegeli, Hertwig and the rest made statements which in their own minds were clear because they were informed by a vast collection of empirical facts; their formulæ are often imperfectly expressed inductions, although to most of us they appear as deductions—sometimes erroneous—from the selection of facts they supply as examples or that we are able to bring forward from the smaller collections of our own minds. We are aware that the reputation of Hegel is now somewhat blown upon among metaphysicians; but a well-known phrase about him may explain our meaning. His knowledge of history and philosophy was not only unusual in bulk but peculiar in range, and his own knowledge was an unexpressed premiss in each of his arguments. Those whose own knowledge most nearly approached Hegel's were most likely to apprehend his meaning. Even when biologists are dealing with the conclusions of one another, confusion between the meaning apparently expressed and the really implied meaning occurs constantly, and we are convinced that the alien rays of Mr. Sandeman illuminate only detached portions of the speculations upon which they are thrown. Again, it would be possible to show that the critic has left out of count many views which more nearly approach what we understand to be his ideal method: Hertwig's attempt, for instance, to regard an organism in all its stages and in its relations to all its environments as a totality; or the more definite revolt led from Cambridge as to the particulate, cellular hypothesis of organisms. But we are content with a more general observation of Mr. Sandeman's strictures. We agree with him logically that the qualities of an individual do not exist in a discrete condition; they would then cease to be qualities of an individual, or, indeed, cease to be at all. We agree that individuals apart from environment are unthinkable. Mr. Sandeman talks of the "character" of an individual as a unifying conception, and that obviously brings the environment into the conception, as character apart from environment is an unthinkable abstraction. But we do not agree that such an approach to logical perfection is any assistance to investigation. It is plain that a complete theory of any single individual is possible only when universal knowledge is possible. In the meantime, although the goal be impossible, the attempt of science to reach it goes on. Observations, experiments, statistics, dissections must relate to particulars, and must indefinitely continue to relate to particulars. The generalized images drawn from these particular observations are bound to retain traces, as yet enormously great, of their particular origin. It will always happen that many will forget the relativity of the conclusions and theories to the imperfect methods which alone are possible. But perhaps it is possible to put fairly the contrast between science and metaphysics as follows. Since the time of Plato a succession of acute and powerful intellects have been improving the methods of formal logic and working at the subject-matter of metaphysics: can it be said with even plausibility that the metaphysic of to-day subtends a greater angle of the unknown, makes us surer of our ground in considering such conceptions as *reality, being, consciousness, cause, effect* than the speculations of Plato? Since the time of Aristotle a succession of acute minds,

have been improving the methods and working at the subject-matter of biology; Mr. Sandeman would have it that the methods make advance in the subject-matter impossible. Is there any reasonable doubt that our knowledge of organisms and of organic processes is vastly greater than the knowledge of Aristotle?

LEFROY'S POEMS.

"Edward Cracroft Lefroy: his Life and Poems." By Wilfred Austin Gill. London: John Lane. 1897.

IT is strange that in these tolerant and even indulgent days a poet of real merit should die at the age of thirty-seven with the conviction that his name had been "writ in water." This was, however, the fate of Edward Cracroft Lefroy, a young clergyman in the neighbourhood of London, who published four successive pamphlets of verse in 1883, was discouraged by the complete neglect of the public, and passed away after a very long illness completely unobserved in 1891. No sooner, however, was Lefroy buried than curiosity in his work began to assert itself. The late John Addington Symonds read it and warmly recommended it. One authority after another applauded, and now Lefroy's friend, Mr. W. A. Gill, has been emboldened to collect his poems in a single volume and issue them with a pathetic and eminently tactful memoir. The obscurity of Lefroy has passed away; he takes his place among the minor poets of the middle Victorian period—a definite place, not very high, but his own. To this unobtrusive writer the famous words of Alfred de Musset are eminently applicable:—"His glass is small, but he drinks in his glass."

The temperament of Edward Cracroft Lefroy was a not uncommon one in itself, but it has scarcely found another exponent in poetic art. He was an earnest and convinced Christian, untroubled by doubts, of weak physical constitution, and of no high or ambitious intellectual powers, but keenly interested in the phenomenal side of existence, devoid of prejudice, and eager to taste the joy of life. Although an invalid, his nature was singularly placid and sympathetic, and his pleasure in out-door sports and exercises keen. It gratified him to clothe the simple games of his schoolboys and adult parishioners in a Hellenic colour, and to assist at a game of cricket or football at Blackheath as if at an Olympian exercise. His ideal was "some young fellow with every virtue under heaven, very superior to me alike in solid learning and simple faith, who plays a manly game as might the sons of Alcmena, and smiles like the Hermes of Praxiteles." It was the combination of an enthusiasm for the beauty of athletics with the most innocent piety and devotion to Church work, the grafting of a Low Church curate on to the Attic stock, which made the individual character of Lefroy so interesting. Given, with this temperament, a modest but very genuine and finished skill in versification, and the poetical output is explained.

It was the sonnet which principally attracted Lefroy, and almost all his successes are in this form. He has left about one hundred sonnets, of which none are quite bad, and at least a dozen are excellent. He is a poet who will henceforth make his appearance in every competent collection of sonnets, and will hold his own, in this department, against all but three or four rivals. This is not small praise, but it is rather under than over the truth, and yet the assertion would have been enough to have made the modest, cheerful man flush with pleasure. It is sad to think that even such gentle eulogy was withheld from him during his laborious life.

Private praise was not withheld. He had the satisfaction of being admired by Tennyson, Browning, Christina Rossetti, and others, from whom laudation was encouragement indeed. But he never touched the Press or the public. What were the reviewers thinking of to let such verse as this slip by them unrecognized?

"O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!
A thing has gone from us that could not stay.
At least our sad eyes shall not see one day
All baseness treading where all beauty trod.
O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!
For this our budding Hope is called away
From growth that is not other than decay

To bloom eternal in the halls of God;
And though of subtler grace we saw no sign,
No glimmer from the yet unrisen star,—
Full-orbed he broke upon the choir divine,
Saint among saints beyond the golden bar,
Round whose pale brows new lights of glory shine—
The aureoles that were not and that are."

Sorrow for sudden death in healthy adolescence (the subject of this sonnet was a fine young fellow who was thrown from his horse) was never sung with a more pathetic grace. But sadness was not Lefroy's habitual mood. He could transfer to the sonnet objective impressions of great picturesqueness. His cricket and football sonnets are unique in their class. How good is this!—

"Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:
The flung ball takes one maddening tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air."

Edward Cracroft Lefroy takes his place among the choir of English singers, and will not ever again entirely lose it. It is impossible not to wish that the pleasant sense of recognition might have cheered him through a short life of pain and weakness heroically endured.

THE STORY OF A GREAT QUEEN.

"Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Spain." By Baron de Nervo. Translated by Lieut.-Colonel Temple-West. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1897.

IT is no light use of the title to describe Isabella the Catholic of Spain as a great Queen. While the intensity of her convictions made her a religious persecutor, which must to some extent diminish her glory in more tolerant ages, in other respects she is worthy of the greatest admiration. It will never be forgotten that in the darkest hours of Columbus—when Ferdinand was lukewarm and other rulers were altogether indifferent or hostile—she had the strongest faith in him and in his vision of the New World, and unhesitatingly gave him her patronage and support. The same singular foresight and judgment caused her to discern the military talents of Gonzalvo de Cordova and the diplomatic abilities of the famous Cardinal Ximenes.

The union of the crowns of Castille and Aragon under Isabella and her husband Ferdinand was a most important event, for it gave a prestige to united Spain which neither kingdom had previously enjoyed. But even after the union, Isabella, so long as she lived, maintained control and authority in Castilian affairs. The reign of the two sovereigns is one of the greatest in the history of Spain, which in the course of a few years advanced to the first rank amongst the nations by the military, administrative, and diplomatic skill of its sovereigns, and of the distinguished body of ministers and generals that surrounded them. Occasionally, Ferdinand showed a reactionary tendency, but the indomitable will of his more enlightened consort usually prevailed in these crises. After the death of Isabella in 1504, Ferdinand to a large extent reversed his former policy, and was frequently in dire pecuniary straits; but he managed, notwithstanding, to make himself master of the kingdom of Navarre, and thus to become monarch of Spain from the Pyrenees to the Rock of Gibraltar. Some historians have thrown doubts upon his generalship and statesmanship, but none can deny that he was a skilful and astute diplomatist with a single eye to the main chance. It is characteristically related of him that when Louis XII. complained that he had once cheated him, Ferdinand promptly answered, "He lied, the drunkard! I cheated him three times."

Baron de Nervo has excellently summed up the work achieved by Isabella. Having definitively founded the

Spanish monarchy by her marriage, she established peace and safety throughout the land by the protective institution of the Santa Hermandad. This was a holy brotherhood, or kind of militia-police, composed of the citizens and the country people, and it was useful in furthering the design of the sovereigns to break down the power of the feudal aristocracy. By the assumption of the right of nomination to the office of Grand Master of the military orders as well as of that relating to the restitution of the great domains usurped by the nobility, Isabella restored to the Crown its authority and to the provincial districts their rights and immunities. By the resumption of Church offices and livings she asserted her independence of the Papacy, and by the reform of the clergy she moralized it. By the impetus she gave to trade and industry she increased in a remarkable degree the national wealth and prosperity. In war her courage was well known; she was the idol of the soldiers, who called her their king. Furthermore, by the invariable protection extended to Columbus in the discovery of the New World, Isabella aggrandized Spain, as the illustrious Gonzalvo of Cordova aggrandized it by the conquest of Naples. Lastly, and to crown her work, by the final expulsion of the Mussulmans of the kingdom of Granada she effected the unity of the country, as she had no long time before effected that of the monarchy.

Such is an outline of the remarkable career traced in detail by the Baron de Nervo. A word of praise may fairly be added for the way in which Colonel Temple-West has translated the book.

CONCERNING FERRETS.

"Ferrets." By Nicholas Everitt. London: A. & C. Black. 1897.

IN a short manual, which might with advantage have been yet shorter by the natural history with which it opens, and the somewhat wearisome account of a very unexciting rabbiting day with which it closes, Mr. Everitt has given us all he knows, and all we are likely to want to know, on the subject of ferrets. He has told us how to breed, house, train and work the blood-thirsty little creature in the latest approved methods; and he has further discussed the legal aspect of the pursuit of ferreting, which often involves strange issues, as well as the best means of putting these marauders out of mischief when all hope is gone of re-taking them alive.

In all the practical portions of the subject the author commands our ready attention. His instructions are given in simple language that may be grasped by the beginner without those unexplained fragments of poachers' jargon with which handbooks on subjects of this kind are too often marred. But the natural history was unfortunate. We question, indeed, its necessity. If, however, it was found desirable to add a sheet and a half to the book, we think the author might have filled the four-and-twenty pages at his disposal with more up-to-date zoology than he gives us in his opening chapter. It is something that we find (p. 7) settled once and for all the specific distinctness of the ferret and polecat, whereas we had in our ignorance regarded the question as still open. Nay, we had a suspicion that, having the same number of ribs, the ferret was, its shorter skull and more depressed forehead notwithstanding, but a domestic variety of the larger, darker beast. What the "pine weazel" (p. 8) may be, unless perhaps an unfamiliar provincialism, we do not know; but of this we are certain: that it is the pine-marten, not (p. 24) the beech- or stone-marten, that robs the British game-preserver. Mr. Everitt carries us back to the natural history of the first edition of Bell's "Quadrupeds"! He really should not make such a mistake as to tell us that the black rat is "the oldest inhabitant of this country," when every one who knows anything about rats knows it to be an importation little older than its more powerful brown relative. The book is liberally illustrated, the technical cuts being, to our mind, of greater merit than the more ambitious drawings, though the frontispiece and the illustration entitled "Waiting for a Bolt" are instinct with the spirit of the sordid sport.

THE GREAT DIDACTIC OF COMENIUS.

"The Great Didactic of John Amos Comenius, now for the first time Englished." M. W. Keatinge A. & C. Black. 1896.

THIS is a translation of an epoch-making book, and it has more than an historical interest, for the book itself was a distinct attempt to put school teaching upon a scientific basis. It is well translated, moderately introduced and criticized, and badly edited; but it is nevertheless pleasant and profitable reading. John Comenius was a Bohemian Hussite minister, who flourished in the days of our Stuart kings, and was driven from his country by persecution. He first made a huge reputation by his school books, and then played ducks and drakes with the same by listening to the deluding tales of "them that peep and mutter" predictions and other inanities. His "Didactica Magna" was published in Latin, at Amsterdam, in 1657. Mr. Keatinge has Englished this, without an index, without exactly appraising its value, without any attempt to verify the references, and with notes which merely tell the impatient reader that "Bernhard, Abbot of Clairvaux," was "a man of great ecclesiastical and political influence." He has prefixed a Life of the author, and made a heroic attempt to reduce the pedagogic writers before Comenius into some sort of order and arrangement. In his laudable enthusiasm for his author Mr. Keatinge has exaggerated some of Comenius's merits, as, for instance, when he tells us "Here was a great truth that Comenius was the first to enunciate: Education begins on the mother's knee." This was not only a truth perfectly familiar alike to Plato and to St. Augustine, but our English writer Mulcaster in 1581 complained that it was absurdly exaggerated, that educational writers "moile themselves sore" over the very milk which the newborn scholar is to suck. "Againe, they examine what companie is to be choosen for him, when he doth begin first to crepe abroad," and much else gently ridiculed by Master Mulcaster in his important and able work "Positions," which Mr. Keatinge does not appear to have consulted. Comenius himself was not a great scholar, and perhaps for this very reason he sympathized with the struggling mass of boys, who creep like snails unwillingly to school, and pass many birched, perplexed and tearful hours over their vain attempts to master elegiac mysteries, and to avoid the anger of some *plagosus Orbilius*. It struck him, as it struck St. Augustine in his "Confessions," that there must be something radically wrong in the scholastic method, as there was and even still is. He was a bit of a Platonist, though he firmly believed that virtue could be taught, and a bit of a Baconian, although he held that universals must precede particulars. But his real freshness and power came from the fact that he thoroughly grasped the truth that the mind is a living organism and must be treated as such. It is not a blank piece of paper, whereon Dr. Weldon and others may lithograph their healthful maxims. It is not a bag, wherein the Board School master may plunge his ready-made cast-iron bars of knowledge. It is rather an egg, which needs gentle warmth, a suitable nest, a proper season, and continuous, unhasting, un-resting treatment. This, which is his own favourite comparison, outlines his method. In detail he would adopt a gentle discipline and abolish hoisting. He would establish schools of four gradations, making six years at the mother's knee the first, thence pass the pupil on for six years to the Vernacular school, thence for six to the Latin school, and end with six of University study and travel. Comenius had many common-sense proposals to make about all of these, many of which have lately been found efficacious, even in those chicken-fattening establishments which are often called schools in our day. He saw the need of separate class-rooms. He believed in diagrams, pictures, and appeals to the eye; he knew the value of short hours, of the vernacular tongue; and he desired to see women educated, though he did not want their curiosity to be developed, but only their contentedness to be increased. This last is an index of his entire inability to know whither he was going. He had a grand enthusiasm for teaching and

for having everybody taught, but it must be within the narrowest limits of Bibliolatry, deducing everything from some Scriptural text and banishing the whole body of classical authors, unless, perhaps, Plato, Seneca, and Epictetus be allowed to remain as a concession to mortal weakness. Mr. Keatinge notices with complacency that Comenius was, without being quite aware of it, trying to dethrone the Latin tongue. But can any man seriously maintain that this was a laudable tendency? It is perfectly true that Comenius refuted much that was dismal and pedantic in his day; but he opened the door to the worse pedantry of the practical man, with his dismal modern side, and his noisome evangel of getting on, which is the very negation of education itself.

A CLERGYMAN IN PALESTINE.

"Travel Pictures from Palestine." By James Wells. London: Isbister & Co. 1896.

A REFRESHINGLY new view of a well-worn theme is presented in this book. Avoiding profuseness on the one hand and vacuity on the other, as well as the temptation to indulge in mere goody-goody clap-trap or religious controversy, Dr. Wells has managed to write a work of peculiar interest. Although preceded by works with costly illustration, the artistic merit of Mr. Twiddle's drawings, together with their accuracy (which Dr. Wells guarantees), would alone make the volume acceptable. Dr. Wells is fortunately endowed with a keen sense of humour as well as intelligent observation, and while he naturally devotes the majority of his space to explaining and illustrating the Biblical metaphors by means of the *tableaux vivants* around him, his freedom from cant and his pungent expression greatly relieve what might otherwise tend to become monotonous.

Most vivid are the wayside illustrations he gives us of Biblical language and metaphor. The toll-bar keeper is transfigured into "Mathew at the receipt of custom." "One Simon a tanner," and an Abraham albeit in rags, Jacob sleeping on his stony pillow, the ass and foal, whitened sepulchres, the wild pigs of Gergesa, the fatted calf, the two women grinding at the mill, and the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in the manger—the safest place for it—are all *en évidence*, now as of old; and it is difficult to imagine that in this same country it is possible to hail a cab in Jerusalem and drive to a fairly modern hotel.

NEW FICTION.

"A Drawing-room Cynic." By Lorin Kaye. London: John Macqueen. 1897.

PHILLIP LEGARDE was really not a cynic at all. He was only the ambitious young diplomatist whom fiction has made quite familiar to us, and he flirts vigorously in the fashion peculiar to smart First Secretaries of the Embassies. All his troubles came to him through his neglect of the old adage that it is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. The old love in this particular case was a married but naughty Viennese countess with a furiously jealous husband. Thenew was a charming and rich American widow, who very foolishly allowed herself to fall so madly in love with Legarde that she takes him for husband in spite of the Austrian countess and her own perception of his colossal selfishness. The framework of Lorin Kaye's new novel, it will be seen, therefore, is not strikingly original; but as the story is well told and the dialogue especially is of the crisp and smart character, the book is readable enough. Lorin Kaye is quite in the movement. She chatters delightfully about chiffons; she knows all about the feminine side of ambassadorial circles; smart London and smart Paris have no secrets for her, and her minor characters have all of them more or less individuality of their own. Dulcima is not too clever but just clever enough to be "fetching," and when she cries over Legarde, one would like to tell her that she is much too good for him. The one difficulty, in fact, in the book is Legarde's genuine love for her in the end. We are quite convinced that it is

impossible for him to be as much in love as Lorin Kaye states. Anyway, we are sorry Dulcima marries him, for he is sure to flirt just as furiously after marriage as before in whatever capital he happens to be pursuing his diplomatic career. This impression is in itself a small triumph for the author, for men like Phillip are as common as blackberries, and Lorin Kaye has avoided the pitfall into which most women novelists are apt to stumble, that of making her heroes either models of perfection or patterns of wickedness. The book is undoubtedly clever in a light sort of way, and its style, exception made of a few barbarisms like "to meal," for "to take a meal" is fluent and correct.

"East End Idylls." By A. St. John Adcock. London: James Bowden. 1897.

After the harsh vigour of Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" Mr. St. John Adcock's East End stories are somewhat namby pamby. They strike one as expressing what a nice well-meaning gentleman could conceive of East-Enders doing in certain given circumstances, not as descriptions of what he has actually seen them doing. Idylls no doubt there are in the East End. Human nature has a way of turning up trumps amidst the most unfavourable conditions. But they need powerful handling to make them convincing in literature. These particular ones are well told but not powerfully, and Mr. Adcock is too fond of improbable coincidences to produce the illusion of reality. The Hon. and Rev. James Granville Adderley contributes a not very illuminative preface abounding in such platitudes as that dockers have "human hearts beating beneath their seedy waistcoats," and that "fiction and falsehood are not synonymous terms."

"The Widow Woman." By Charles Lee. London: James Bowden. 1897.

We shall soon know more about Cornish character and Cornish customs than we do about any other county. Mr. Charles Lee's "The Widow Woman" is a simple but amusing tale of love, courtship and marriage in "Pendennack," a fishing village, whose name will not be found in the Postal Guide, but which is no doubt a near neighbour of "Troy." Mrs. Elizabeth Pollard is "The Widow Woman," twice married, and casting her eyes for a third time on a handsome but not very bright-witted fisherman, John Trelill. As the widow is the owner of a lugger, several cottages and some other property, John's sister, Mrs. Poljew, is anxious to arrange the match, and the story of her masterful managings and her ultimate discomfiture is cleverly and amusingly told. The great truth that emerges from all these stories of Cornish life is that in the "delectable duchy" at least the menfolk are very stupid and submissive and the womenkind the inviolable masters of the situation.

"Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." By Hamlin Garland. London: Neville Beeman. 1897.

"Coolly," we may explain at the outset, is the French *coulé* used as a topographical term, and Dutcher was Rose's father. Rose herself is a right-down American girl, bred wild on a farm in Wisconsin, who goes to the University and eventually marries a Chicago editor. That is all; nevertheless, Hamlin Garland's book is a good book, in spite of its being written in American, in which language "plead" (presumably pronounced "pled") is the past tense of "plead." But in spite of its style "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" is worth reading. It gives us a fresh notion of American life, and of country life in Wisconsin, of city life in Chicago, and it shows American woman from her own point of view. Its spirit is allied to the spirit of Whitman and Thoreau; in its pages even Chicago seems less like hell and more the abode of live human beings than usual. It reads like a piece of autobiography; and only an American woman could describe for us the growth of a strong, self-reliant, beautiful and thoroughly American girl like Rose. Rose's purity is not the prurient purity the Old World knows too well, nor is it the purity of innocent ignorance. It is simply an intense cleanliness and love of cleanliness. The filthy and the obscene cannot soil it. It gazes out wide-eyed on the world and rejoices in the beauty of nudity, in

the body beautiful, and hates all that is coarse and unclean. It is not often that a woman has ventured to give expression to her delight in the animal and physical beauty of a well-built man so frankly as does Hamlin Garland. Rose is an interesting and attractive type, and any one who cares to study a very important side of American character should read the history of her adventures to the time of her marriage with the Chicago editor, who is a fine fellow and a real American too. We confess we should have liked to know what she did after her marriage. We should think she would at once set to work and write just such a book as this.

"Hilda Strafford" and "The Remittance Man." By Beatrice Harraden. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1897.

These two Californian stories seem to us in many ways inferior to Miss Harraden's "In Varying Moods." Her special charm of delicate sentiment has a slightly anæmic effect when attributed to her young ranchers in their intercourse with one another. "Be your own bright self," says Ben to Bob, on page 16. Later on, Ben writes of his friend, "You know how he coaxes." The description, too, of the admirable Ben shadows forth the inevitable "comb at the back of his head." His "strong, manly presence, his innate chivalry to every one and every thing," are less effective than irritating when not allowed to speak for themselves. One pictures him chivalrously lifting the butter as he helps himself with a manly touch. The whole thing gives us the impression of being a perfectly sincere account of life on a Californian ranch as seen by a clever, emotional woman. Where the scenery is concerned Miss Harraden is delightful. One entire chapter is devoted to the approach of spring in California, and so vivid and graceful is it that we would not willingly shorten it by one line.

"Daughters of Thespis" (Simpkin, Marshall), by John Bickerdyke, purports to be a story of the green-room. It has an extremely improper and spirited heroine, a jaunty style, a plot that seldom drags, and therefore a certain amount of interest for readers.

"A Rogue's Conscience" (Downey & Co.), by Christie Murray, is one of the best bits of pure sensation ever turned out by its author. We found it excellent reading. Whether the final condition of the "rogue" is credible or not, his escapes and expedients are breath-bating. A fine spirit of farcical humour makes all his rascality sympathetic.

"His Majesty's Greatest Subject" (Constable), by S. Thorburn, comes very near being an excellent novel. The utter wildness of the narrative is redeemed by its interest. Where Mr. Thorburn (of the Bengal Civil Service) makes a fatal mistake is by so overdoing the local colour as to make his book a hotch-potch of fiction and essay-writing on the hypothetical India of 1907. Subtly done, this might have stood out less obviously as ponderous padding. But to give whole chapters like the one headed "Agrarian Disturbances" is unpardonably clumsy.

"Dinah Fleet" (Downey & Co.), by John Hill and G. F. Bacon, has many good things. Some of them have a Kipling flavour. There is a clever picture of life behind the scenes in a great millinery establishment, with its pathetic, sordid "young ladies."

"Elementary Jane" (Hutchinson & Co.), by Richard Pryce, although not so good as "The Burden of a Woman," has decided charm. Little Jane is a piquant type—the Ingénue turned music-hall singer. Her story is pretty all through, and clever in parts. We were much struck with the cockney dialect. There is no disastrous attempt to reproduce vowel-distortions, but the turns of phrase show a closer observation than the ordinary. Mrs. Attwell, in particular, the mother of 'Arry, is convincing the moment she opens her mouth. We could almost hail her as "the real thing at last."

"A Full Confession" (Constable), by F. C. Philips, is a fair specimen of the contemptible style of writing this clever writer has descended to of late. Presumably low-water mark has now been reached. Mr. Philips can hardly turn out anything more foolishly feeble than this and call it a book.

CHUN TI-KUNG.

"Chun Ti-kung: his Life and Adventures." By Claude A. Rees. London: Heinemann. 1896.

THE author has undertaken to present a picture of Chinese life and character under the guise of a biographical novel, and he has worked out his design with knowledge and skill. The opening scene is laid at a village in the province of Chekeang. Chun Se-fei is a coffin-maker who has thriven in business and has three sons. He had once a brother; but the latter disgraced himself by enlisting as a soldier—the profession of arms ranks low in China—and has been lost sight of for many years. Chun is surprised one morning, therefore, by the appearance at his door of a messenger bringing a letter from this brother, who has achieved distinction and been promoted to the taotai of Hoochow. Successful and prosperous, he has one regret: he has no son; and he writes proposing to adopt one of his brother's, in order to perpetuate the ancestral rites. The offer is too good to be refused, and the choice falls on Chun Ti-kung. Chun leaves without regret a life that has few attractions, and embarks on a career that might have been utterly prosperous but for one alloy: he got married. A betrothal had long ago been arranged on his behalf, and his father required him to carry it out. Perfunctorily and unwillingly he goes through a performance which social custom forbids him to evade; and lays, by so doing, the seeds of a crop of future trouble.

The uncle Chun Yu-tai (said to be sketched from a well-known Chinese merchant who has since joined the majority) is a fine, frank, sensible old fellow, with a considerable respect for foreigners; and we are given a shrewd insight into Chinese modes of thought and estimation of us and our ideals, in the course of conversations between uncle and nephew, as the story unrolls. It is this ability, in fact, to get inside the Chinese mind, as well as the intimate acquaintance with Chinese manners and ways, that lends the book its peculiar value. The tale is absolutely realistic. Take, for instance, the excursion against pirates in the well-known Tahu Lake, which is planned while Chun is acquiring a knowledge of men and things as his uncle's adlatus and confidant. Memories of pleasant house-boat trips will be recalled to old residents by the description of hills and islands covered with azaleas, the trees gay in their young green, and the peach-trees in blossom; but these are features no globe-trotter lucky enough to reach the spot could miss. What not only the globe-trotter, but many old residents, would overlook is a characteristic indication that red is, in China, the colour of good fortune. Finding, when the lake is reached, that the pirates are in greater strength than he had thought, the Taotai sends a fast boat back to Hoochow for reinforcements, and sees it reappear in due time with a red flag on the prow to show that all is well. How the pirates were caught in an attempt to carry off buried treasure, we leave our readers to ascertain for themselves; merely remarking that legends of treasure buried on and about the Tahu Lake during Taiping times are rife, and that the Wang who is indicated as having owned the silver in question is he who was killed at the council table at which the terms offered by Gordon were being discussed.

Satisfied with Chun's assiduity and capacity, the uncle decides eventually to complete the ceremony of affiliation which constitutes, in the East, a relationship as close as that of actual parentage. The next phase is his journey to Peking, for the metropolitan examinations, where he attains the coveted Hanlin degree. Two years' subsequent study at the Tung-wen-kwan, or Foreign College, and the eventual gratification, through his uncle's influence, of his desire for a place on the staff of the Marquis Kung, who is about proceeding as Ambassador to England, close the first stage of his career. We pass briefly over his life in London, excepting the one incident which leads up to a drama that is to end in confusion and tears. Chun makes the acquaintance, at a garden party, of Nellie Serjeant, who has been thrown by accident upon a course of Chinese reading and proves, therefore, a sympathetic companion. Chun is good-looking and interesting. Nellie is somewhat romantic, and a ready victim. Her sisters scold and sneer; but she is self-willed and goes her way. The inevitable consequences are foreshadowed in the old Taotai's reply to Chun's announcement of his approaching marriage. He is astonished that the latter, having already one wife and son, should bother himself with a second; but he advises, above all things, openness in dealing. "No woman" (he writes, as a man having experience) "will long stay in ignorance of anything she thinks you are anxious for her not to know; and where deceit once shows itself, or is shown, what wise man can say where it will end?" But Chun had shirked following this advice. It was not that there was any harm, from a Chinese point of view, in his marrying a second wife; but he knew quite enough of England to know that Nellie would not have accepted that position; and, having once married her, never dared to admit the truth.

The time comes for him to return to China, and a perception of the light in which mixed marriages are regarded begins to dawn upon Nellie during the voyage. They get on fairly well, however, till China is reached; but then misfortune sets in. Chun is met at Hongkong by news that his father and brothers

have died of cholera and that he must help his mother to wind up affairs. So that, instead of going to his uncle's yamen at Hoochow, he is driven to a village where the only obtainable shelter is a shanty that no furniture, servants, or appliances could make tolerable to a girl who had been accustomed in England to all the comforts money could procure, and had nourished herself on prospects of rank and (Chinese) palaces ahead. But, above and beyond this, it is the place where the first wife lives! The elements of the drama are by this time sufficiently clear. Chun did his best, by persuading his Chinese wife to accept the position of sister-in-law; but not even marital authority, which in China at least is great, can permanently silence a woman's tongue. The baby was born while Chun had gone to Ningpo for a foreign doctor; and wife No. 1 seized the opportunity to burst into the room and relieve her mind in a torrent of abuse, which has at least the merit of defining the situation—however hyperbolically—from a Chinese first wife's point of view. The lady reader will divine the effect of the disclosure on Nellie's weakened frame and nerves. Fortunately she has made the acquaintance of a missionary and his wife, who are sketched in the author's happiest vein. But not all the nursing of Mrs. Fulford—who, declaring herself outraged, at first, by contact with a life of sin, ends by giving her womanly instincts play—nor the care of the doctor with whom Chun tardily returns, can mend the case. How the end comes we leave our readers to discover; repeating that people who have lived in China will be moved to frequent chuckle by the illustrations of Chinese peculiarities, which are skilfully interwoven with the thread of the narrative; while those who do not know China will learn from Chun Ti-kung's career much of Chinese character, life, customs, and thought, and something of the barriers which prevent free social intercourse between Europeans and Chinese. Things might have turned out better, no doubt, if they had taken another twist. Still, very few of the 2,000 miles of old maids who have been depicted, lately, as encircling the coasts of England will be tempted, we imagine, to risk Nellie Serjeant's fate.

RECENT MEDICAL BOOKS.

"System of Medicine." By Many Writers. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Vol. I. 1896. Vol. II. 1897. London: Macmillan.

IN his preface to this important series Dr. Allbutt takes the highest possible ground, laying down that in medicine, as in all other fields of knowledge, "to pursue knowledge with a consciously utilitarian end before us is to fail even in our immediate ends." The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, without even immediate reference to the relief of humanity, is necessary, so that, in the words of Bacon, "knowledge may not be as a curtesan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bondwoman to acquire and gain to her master's use; but as a spouse for generation, fruit, and comfort." Accordingly he has selected as contributors to his volumes above all those who are distinguished for their scientific pursuit of medical subjects and for their original contributions to our knowledge of disease. From their essays historical matter has been discarded wisely, leaving more space for the best existing conceptions. Throughout both volumes the dominant note is the attempt to replace the older empiricism by reference of symptoms and practice to the results of experimental physiology. Among many notable contributions, it is difficult to select any for special notice, but perhaps the essay of Dr. Mott on the general pathology of nutrition is specially remarkable for its broad philosophical treatment, while Dr. Kanthack, writing on the general pathology of infection, gives what is really a brilliant summary of the relations between micro-organisms and disease. It is unnecessary to commend this "System" to medical men; but those who are interested in the advance of science generally, and in the vast changes produced by modern laboratory methods in the most conservative profession, will find Dr. Allbutt's "System of Medicine" of unusual interest.

"A System of Gynaecology." By Many Writers. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt and W. S. Playfair. London: Macmillan. 1896.

This is certainly not a volume for general readers, but, like the "System of Medicine," it is conspicuous for the advances it shows on earlier works. The various sections have been entrusted to well-known experts, and their articles make a striking record of progress in treatment of the diseases of women, especially on the surgical side. The success with which grave internal conditions are now diagnosed at early stages, and relieved or cured by operations undreamed of a few years ago, is most striking.

"The Year-Book of Treatment for 1897." By Various Contributors. London: Cassell & Co. 1897.

This useful annual brings together under appropriate headings the more important results published at home and abroad in 1896. Perhaps the chief interest of the year centres in the progress made with antitoxins. In the case of the diphtheria

antitoxin the evidence seems to accumulate that in it "we possess a remedy of distinctly greater value than any other with which we are acquainted." The other serums show more conflicting results. In the use of ordinary drugs the Year-Book shows the tendency, apparent in practice, to simplify prescriptions and generally to give less medicine. There is the usual crop of new drugs; but of these none seem of special importance.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities for 1896." By H. C. Burdett. London: The Scientific Press. 1897.

Mr. Burdett's annual is a volume of reference of considerable utility. The greater part of the volume gives official information respecting the various Universities, hospitals, medical schools, asylums, nursing institutions, convalescent homes and charities of England, the Colonies and America. Unfortunately not quite sufficient care has been taken to bring it up to date: we notice that several changes in London institutions that occurred early in 1896 have not been included. A volume of reference that is not as nearly as possible up to date loses much of its value. The first two hundred odd pages contain short articles on a number of burning topics, and are well worth the reading by all interested in the management of hospitals and charities. Mr. Burdett is a special authority on the financial management of institutions, and the figures he has brought together, showing the proportion of expense of management to total revenue, are of great value. We are glad to notice that in the case of at least all the greater hospitals there is little fault to be found with the control of the funds. But many important charities seem to be mismanaged. The Church Missionary Society, for instance, spends over £29,000 a year on management, being more than 11 per cent. of its income; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel spends £18,000, or over 15 per cent. of its income, similarly; while the Friends' Missionary Society spends only 5 per cent. of its income on management, although in the case of a small income such as it possesses a larger relative cost is fair. The Colonial and Continental Church Society, again, spends over 21 per cent. of its income on management. Mr. Burdett believes that some of these expensive societies are under considerable disadvantage "owing to their administration being in the hands of the clergy. Few of the latter are good men of business or understand accounts. They are, moreover, expensive officers, and perhaps two are required to do the work of one energetic layman."

"A Text-Book of Bacteriology." By Edgar M. Crookshank. Fourth Edition. London: Lewis. 1896.

The science of bacteriology advances so rapidly that this edition is practically a new book. Although it is comprehensive and well illustrated, we are unable to regard it as a satisfactory volume. An unnecessarily large part is occupied with descriptions and figures of microscopes, microtomes and the apparatus of the laboratory; in fact, with what the student can only gain a useful knowledge of actually in the laboratory. This criticism applies even more strongly to descriptions of the processes involved in the growth of cultivations, preparation of media, use of stains and so forth. All these matters would be learned much more satisfactorily in the actual practice of the laboratories now attached to all the greater teaching schools. On the other hand, not nearly sufficient space is given to the most important general subjects. For instance, "immunity" is dealt with in six pages of the most elementary description, although immunity is the most important and difficult branch of applied bacteriology. Similarly, a short chapter is regarded as sufficient for the "chemical products of bacteria," although this condensation involves omission of all the most important recent work on the subject. We should recommend the Professor, if he come to another edition, to cut out a great deal of padding from his volume, and to extend the more abstruse side of his subject.

"Micro-Organisms and Disease." By E. Klein. London: Macmillan. 1896.

This again is a new edition, and, although it is of a much less pretentious character, it seems more useful than Professor Crookshank's larger volume. The laboratory part of the volume is reduced to the smallest limits, and the greater part is occupied with excellent descriptions of the more familiar micro-organisms.

"Roman Fever." By W. North, M.A. London: Sampson Low. 1896.

From 1883 to 1886 Mr. North held one of the Grocers' Company Research Scholarships, and employed his time in the Roman Campagna. This volume is the result of his labours, and gives a full and useful account of the conditions of temperature, soil, subsoil, water, and so forth connected with malarial fever. On the whole, he comes to conclusions adverse to the existence of a causal connexion between malaria and the micro-organisms often found in the blood. His book is a useful contribution, and in addition to a considerable bulk of original matter shows a full knowledge of the literature of the subject up to seven or eight years ago. But bacteriologists have not

been idle since then, and the volume would have been improved, and perhaps some of its conclusions modified, had Mr. North taken equal care to work up the results of more recent inquiries.

"Water-Supply considered chiefly from a Chemical Point of View." By William P. Mason. New York: Wiley & Sons; London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

This is a useful contribution to the chemistry of water from natural sources and its relation to health. The local references are American, and members of the County Council may instruct themselves in the fullest confidence that Mr. Mason is not pledged to any view of the London supply.

"Food in Health and Disease." By Dr. Burney Yeo. New Edition. London: Cassell & Co. 1896.

This new edition of a well known work has been revised carefully, and contains much sound information concerning diet in health and disease. It has no unusual features.

"The Etiology, Symptoms and Treatment of Gall-Stones." By Dr. J. Kraus of Carlsbad. With Additional Notes on Operative Treatment by Henry Morris, M.A., M.B. London: Kegan Paul. 1896.

The writer and translator of this brochure are competent authorities, and no doubt will be read by practitioners. If any layman wishes to persuade himself that he is afflicted with gall-stones he is recommended to purchase the book.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

POLAR exploration bulks prominently among the subjects dealt with in the May number of the "Geographical Journal"—the place of honour being assigned to an article by Dr. Nansen on "Some Results of the Norwegian Arctic Expedition, 1893-96," in which the distinguished explorer gives a fuller and more detailed account than any that has hitherto been published—even in his own narrative of his journey—of the scientific results of his expedition. A full report of Sir Clements Markham's paper, read at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the discussion which followed, on "The North Polar Problem," affords every one interested in Polar exploration the means of learning not only what has been done, but what remains to be done before civilized man can boast of having wrested its secrets from the frozen North. Other special articles are Captain F. R. Maunsell's description of "The Mesopotamian Petroleum Field," a monograph on "Dungeness Foreland," by Mr. F. P. Gulliver, and an admirable summary from Russian sources of the work which Russian expeditions have accomplished within recent years in Tibet. These may be said to be the special features of the current number. As for the more permanent features which month by month make the "Geographical Journal" indispensable to every one who takes a serious interest in geography, it is sufficient to say that the lists of new books and new maps, the monthly record of everything of geographical interest in any quarter of the globe, and the reviews of current literature that has any bearing on the science, maintain their accustomed high level of excellence.

If the "Genealogical Magazine" lives up to its first number we have little hesitation in predicting its success. The advertised intention of combining interesting family history with the accurate details so dear to the heart of the genealogist appears to be amply fulfilled. An interesting article on the "Log of the 'Mayflower'" (illustrated by a facsimile of one of its pages), an article on the Shakespeare family by Mrs. Stopes, and one dealing with Nelson form the chief attractions. Mr. Horace Round writes in his usual style a caustic article under the heading of "The Surrender of the Isle of Wight." We shall be interested in seeing Mr. Hubert Hall's rejoinder. It seems to us that there are present the materials for a most promising literary duel, to which personal differences may possibly add a zest. However, our good wishes to the new venture, the cover of which we particularly like.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

American Revolution, Literary History of the. Vol. I. (M. C. Tyler). Putnam's. 12s. 6d.
Belgravia (June).
Blackwood's Magazine (June).
Blight (Hon. Mrs. W. R. D. Forbes). Osgood. 6s.
Blight of Respectability (Geoffrey Mortimer). University Press. 2s. 6d.
Bilow, Gabriele von (Clara Nordlinger). Smith, Elder.
Christie's Memorials of 2 vols. (W. Roberts). Bell. 35s.
Christ in His Holy Land (A. A. Boddy). S.P.C.K. 4s.
Cicero, The Fourth Verrius of (F. W. Hall). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Cornhill Magazine, The (June).
Dracula (Bram Stoker). Constable.
East End Idylls (A. St. John Adcock). Bowden. 3s. 6d.
Echoes (J. C. Woodbury). Putnam's. 12s. 6d.
Encyclopædia of Sport, The (Part IV.). Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.
Everlasting Punishment (J. R. Neilson). Skerrington.
Fernandez Reciter, The. Routledge.
Fires and Public Entertainments (E. O. Sachs). Layton.
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, The Memoirs of (T. Moore). Downey.
Flashes of Wild Beauty (C. A. Fox). Partridge. 1s.
Fountain Sealed, A (Walter Besant). Chatto & Windus.
Harper's Monthly Magazine (June).
Harvard Stories (W. K. Post). Putnam's. 6s.

Heaven (J. H. Cooke). Baptist Tract Society.
His Dead Past (C. J. Willis). Chatto & Windus. 6s.
Humanitarian, The (June).
Hypnotism (O. G. Wetterstrand). Putnam's. 10s.
Induction Coil in Practical Work, The (Lewis Wright). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
In the Crucible (G. D. Litchfield). Putnam's. 6s.
L'Antisémitisme (A. Leroy Beaulieu). Lévy.
Lazarus (Lucas Cleve). Hutchinson. 6s.
Les Nouvelles Sociétés Anglo-Saxonnes (Leroy Beaulieu). Colin.
Lincoln (Venables and Perry). S.P.C.K. 4s.
Longman's Magazine (June).
Masonic Clothing and Regalia (F. J. W. Crowe). Jack.
Missing Million, The (E. Harcourt Burridge). Partridge. 3s. 6d.
Molière and his Medical Associations (A. M. Brown). Cotton Press.
Montalembert (Vicente de Meaux). Lévy.
Montaigne and other Essays (Thos. Carlyle). Gowans. 8s. 6d.
Morland's, George, Pictures (R. Richardson). Elliot Stock.
Mouse-trap, The (W. D. Howells). Douglas.
My Run Home (R. Boldrewood). Macmillan. 6s.
Old Memories (General Sir Hugh Gough). Blackwood.
Phantom Ship, The (Captain Marryat). Routledge.
Pen and Pencil in Parliament (Harry Furniss). Sampson Low. 5s.
Philanderers, The (A. E. W. Mason). Macmillan. 6s.
Pilgrims of the Night (Sarah Doudney). Addison. 5s.
Political Economy, Notes on (Anon.). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
Progressive Review, The (June).
Queen, The, Her Empire and the English-speaking World. S.P.C.K. 5s.
Queen's Reign, Sixty Years of the (Sir R. Temple). Routledge.
Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore, The (Hal Godfrey). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
Review of Reviews, The (May).
Rie's Diary (Anne Coates). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
Rochester (A. I. Pearman). S.P.C.K. 4s.
Soldiers of Fortune (K. H. Davis). Heinemann. 6s.
Spenser's Fairie Queene. Part X. Dent. 2s. 6d.
Stephen Lescombe, Bachelor of Arts (J. H. Hurst). Putnam's. 5s.
Swift, Jonathan, The Prose Works of. Bell.
Through Finland in Carts (Mrs. Alec Tweedie). Black. 15s.
Vivian, Richard Hussey, A Memoir (Claud Vivian). Isbister.
Widow Woman, The (Charles Lee). Rowden. 2s.
Woman Killed with Kindness, A (T. Heywood). Dent. 1s.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charge may be obtained on application.

AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PALL MALL CLUB. ESTD. 1893.

Candidates' names are invited for the election of not exceeding 500 New Town Members and 1,000 New Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members, prior to entering upon new premises.

These are being elected at the "Original" rates of Annual Subscription, £3 3s. for Town Members, and £1 1s. for Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members, subject to a nominal Entrance Fee.

Applications for vacancies will be dealt with in order of priority, and the list will be closed on June 15.

On this list being closed, the Annual Subscription will be raised to £5 5s. for Town Members, and £2 2s. for Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members.

The Annual Subscriptions of Candidates now applying will (if elected) date from July 1, 1897.

For further particulars apply to the HON. SECRETARY,

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